

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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GENERAL WALKER AS A POLITICAL MENTOR.

THERE has been a sort of ministerial crisis in Nicaragua. The origin of it is about the last thing that would be conjectured by our readers. After the fierce, reckless, and dare-devil character commonly ascribed to General Walker; after the contemptuous and insulting manner in which his envoy has been treated by General Pierce; after official denunciations and acts of hostility which nothing would seem to justify but the conviction that the virtual ruler of Nicaragua is an unprincipled adventurer, and his government a buccaneering sham, it will naturally be supposed that the late ministerial split was brought about by the violent and ambitious character of Walker's projects. The resignation of one, and the threatened abandonment of their offices by two others of the native ministers, would tend to strengthen that assumption. The world will be surprised to learn that the reverse is the fact. It is the Yankee element in the Rivas cabinet which plays the part of moderator. The Nicaraguans, on the contrary, are all for war and aggression.

Our readers will recollect how freely motives and designs were imputed to General Walker, in connection with a supposed project for the formation of a great Central American Confederation, for the accomplishment of which, we were told, hostilities were to be declared against Guatemala and Honduras. It is on this very question that the differences have arisen which have led to the late ministerial difficulty. General Jerez and two other members of the administration, Senors Selva and Ferrer were desirous that steps should be at once taken for the restoration of the authority of Cabanas in the former State, and the expulsion of Carrera from the latter. Whatever ulterior views General Walker may entertain in regard to the other Central American States, his conduct on this question must at least obtain for him the credit of moderation and good sense. He opposed the counsels of his colleagues, representing to them, that the true policy of those who wished well to Central America, was to contribute their efforts to consolidate and secure the general peace. Nicaragua had been too long torn by internal divisions to render a renewal of the struggles in which she had been engaged advisable. It was the duty of those who had the present charge of her destinies to give her, if possible, repose. It was by cultivating the arts of peace, by promoting her native industry, by extending

her commerce, and by settling her vast tracts of unproductive soil, that they would best accomplish the object they had in view. The example of their social and political progress would do more for the neighboring States than all the victories that

their arms might achieve. If, however, their efforts in the way of amelioration should be thwarted, and the integrity of their territory menaced from without, the strength thus acquired would enable them to resist successfully any attack made upon their independence, and to crush out for ever the savage despotism exercised over some of the Central American populations.

Such we are assured was the language held by this so called adventurer whom General Pierce and his organs desire to treat as a sort of political Pariah with whom it would be contamination for our immaculate government to hold communication. And yet how favorably do the wisdom of this advice and the sagacity of the measures by which it has been preceded compare with the vanity, the corruption, the chicanery and the bombast which have marked the whole course of the Pierce administration. What comparison can there be between the course pursued by the new men of the Nicaraguan government are the patriots and disinterested reformers of the day, whilst our own rulers are in reality nothing more than political adventurers. If General Pierce will push matters to an ethical test, this is the conclusion that will be arrived at. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting; and should therefore deal tenderly with the motives and reputations of other men.

One of the things that will contribute most to confirm the favorable opinion which the American public is beginning to entertain of General Walker's character and ability is the article in which through the columns of his official organ, *El Nicaraguense*, he reviews the conduct of our government in regard to Col. French. Frequently as the question has been discussed of late as involving an important political precedent, it has never before been so clearly or so forcibly handled. It exposes in a masterly manner the fallacies of the reasoning on which the acts of the administration are based, and shows that if when this country rebelled against the government of Great Britain such arguments had been allowed to prevail, our independent nationality would have remained unrecognized to this day. It truly enough contends that the case of John Adams differs, politically speaking, in no respect from that of Colonel French. In refusing to recognize the latter our



J.W. ORR Sculp.

Portrait of ex-Governor Hunt, of New York, (by Elliott).—Engraved by Brady.

and the end is not yet. The usual number of mishaps from runaway horses, the falling of snow from house-tops, and other attendants upon the season, have taken place. A worthy gentleman from the rural districts, in passing through the streets a few days since, was so unlucky as to be the "shining mark," the "signal goal" for a weighty piece of ice which broke his arm in two places.

Our "Great and General Court" pursues the even tenor of its way, accomplishing a little business slowly, with now and then a little excitement to relieve the prevailing monotony. The radical legislature of last year, passed an act conferring upon jurors certain rights to judge of the constitutionality of laws concerning questions at issue before them. Strange to relate, this only affected one law, to any extent, and that was the liquor law. It would also appear that the jurors of Boston, and some of the neighboring counties possessed a different order of mind from those in the interior of the State: for while conviction on conviction was procured in the interior counties, here the law was unconstitutional, and the verdicts of acquittal were rendered with such unflinching regularity as to prompt the District Attorney to retire from the field in despair, and enter a general *non prosequi*. Now a bill is passing which will take away from jurors this power which has been so freely exercised, and the Attorney sees more work in prospect.

The trial of Colburn and Dalton, charged with the manslaughter of young Sumner, is progressing, and must necessarily be finished by Saturday night. The evidence for the defence began to be given yesterday afternoon, and until that is all in, it is not safe to predict the verdict. This evidence will be entirely new to the public, as it was intentionally kept back at the preliminary examinations, and all the newspaper stories have been made up from the evidence for the prosecution. It is certainly a sad case, and has brought sorrow and dissension into happy and peaceful families.

Since the holidays, the bulletins of the booksellers and publishers have contracted their borders. Little and Brown have issued a neat volume of the "Essays of Lord Bacon" and the "Memoir of Thomas Handasyd Perkins," one of our merchant princes. This same firm are to publish "Agassiz's Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," in twelve annual volumes, at ten dollars a volume. The subscription list is necessarily limited to 2,000 names, 1,700 have already been obtained, and the names of those resident in America filled five columns of the *Daily Advertiser*. "Familiar Quotations," by John Bartlett, Book-eller to the University at Cambridge, will prove an interesting work to the literary and curious. Another work of peculiar interest is "Martin's Twenty-one Years in the Boston Stock Market," which gives a history of the fluctuations in the Stock Exchange, with other valuable information. Some other works of minor importance have appeared, but there is a temporary lull in the trade, while the pretty and charming books for Nahant or Newport, or the White Mountains, are preparing.

The new "citizens' regime" is working finely in our city. Must we wait till the millennium before the same principle can be carried into our State and national politics, and men shall be chosen for their merit and not for their brass? CYNON.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF OYER AND TERMNER.—Jan. 28.—Before Judge ROOSEVELT.

The Court was crowded with spectators, in expectation that the new trial of Lewis Baker, for the murder of William Poole, would be commenced. The case having been called, Mr. Hall stated that he would prefer that all the parties charged with the murder of William Poole be tried together. Mr. Clark, counsel for the accused, hoped for an adjournment on account of his engagements elsewhere. Mr. Hall consented on the part of the plaintiff that the case be adjourned till the following day. The Judge presumed it would be best to proceed with impugning, as that might be expected to occupy two or three days. Mr. Clark wished to be present at the impeachment. After some little discussion between the Court and Counsel, the case was adjourned over to the April term.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.—Jan. 28.—Before Judge INGERSOLL.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT AFFAIR.

This morning, the Court having been opened, the Crier, by the direction of the District Attorney, called E. L. Tinklepaugh. Mr. Cutting answered, and read an affidavit to the effect that the above-named defendant appeared in Court on the 23d January, 1886, and was then and there ready to have pleaded to the indictment. That he there stated that he was and is the master of the steamship Northern Light; that the said ship was appointed to leave this port at three o'clock of the 27th inst. for Punta Arenas, in the Republic of Nicaragua; that his engagement as said master compels him to leave in command of the said steamer; that he expects to return in her to this port; and that, accidents to the said steamer excepted, he expects to return to the port of New York on or about the 12th day of February next; that he has a good and substantial defense upon the merits, as he is advised by his counsel and believes. The other parties implicated in the charge being absent, the District Attorney (Mr. McKee) agreed to a postponement, on the ground that Capt. Tinklepaugh was necessarily absent with his vessel, and the public interests would not suffer by a delay. It was finally agreed that the trial should stand over until the fourth Monday in February.

SUPREME COURT—SPECIAL TERM.—Jan. 28.—Before Judge HARRIS.

THE CENTRAL PARK CASE.

Justice Harris of the Supreme Court, having been assigned by the Court of Appeals to hear the motion for confirmation of the Report of the Commissioners appointed to assess the value of land taken to form the Central Park, arrived in town on Monday night, and presided this morning at the Special Term. Notwithstanding the case was specially set down for to-day, on the suggestion of Judge Edmonds, the matter was ordered to lie over until Wednesday morning, as many of the parties interested, being uncertain of Judge Harris's arrival in time to commence it this morning, had absented themselves. Judge Harris notified the Counsel that the case must be terminated by Saturday afternoon, as he could not sit on it after that day—his official duties requiring his presence in Albany on Monday morning next.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.—Before Judge WHITING.

INTERESTING HABEAS CORPUS CASE.

The People ex. rel. Simon Van Winkle vs. John Gray, respondent. The respondent is the keeper of the Tombs, where Mr. Van Winkle was committed by order of the Recorder, James M. Smith, Jr., before whom he was charged with being a disorderly person, namely:—"a person who had abandoned his wife, Ann Eliza Van Winkle, without adequate support, and who refused and neglected to provide for her and her two children according to his means." Recorder Smith, in his commitment states that such appeared to him to be the fact from the testimony adduced before him. He was ordered to find surety in the sum of \$1,000 for his good behaviour for one year, and having failed so to do, he was committed to the Tombs on the 13th of December last. His counsel applied to Judge Whiting, of the Supreme Court, for a habeas corpus, which was granted on the 5th of January. The hearing has been postponed from time to time since that date.

This morning F. A. Tallmadge and H. D. Mapau appeared on his behalf, Richard Busted and William Fullerton opposing. The point raised by his counsel was that under the pleadings in the case, the opposite side was required to produce record of conviction by the Recorder.

The answer to this was that the warrant exhibited in the Court was evidence of the contents of that record. The Judge held that the counsel for the people should produce the record.

They accordingly sent to the County Clerk's Office for it, but word was returned that the Clerk was absent. The case was then adjourned over.

POLICE.

BURGLARY.—At six o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult., as officer Van Dusen, of the Third ward police, was patrolling his beat in Broadway, near Park Place, his attention was directed to a horse and wagon being driven down the latter street by three men. Thinking that in all probability the wagon contained thieves, he communicated his suspicions to officer Spence, of the same district. It was then arranged to keep a sharp eye after the vehicle, and accordingly as the wagon turned the corner of Church street the officers ran hastily after it, and succeeded secretly in following the trio until they stopped in front of Merchant & Co.'s store, corner of Reade street, and Broadway. The men in the wagon had turned up Reade street, and driving pretty fast came to a sudden halt, at the corner of Broadway. Two of the men who had been in the wagon went down into the basement of Merchant & Co.'s store, while the third one remained in the wagon. The policemen cautiously approached the spot, and meeting the burglars as they were coming out of the door, succeeded in capturing both of them. The man in the wagon, seeing the unpleasant predicament into which his companions had fallen, drove off at a rapid rate and escaped up Broadway. The prisoners were taken to the station-house in Barclay street, where they were securely lodged. The premises of Messrs. Merchant & Co. were then examined, when it was found that the burglars had obtained an entrance through the basement door by means of false keys, and then access was had to the store above by cutting a hole in the ceiling sufficiently large to admit of the body of a man passing through. In the store were found three large sacks filled with valuable silks, laces, gloves, and delaines, all neatly packed up and ready for transportation. The property thus collected is valued at \$6,000, and would in all probability have been carried away, had not the officers acted with so much sagacity and promptness. The prisoners gave their names as Henry Franklin and Thomas Wells. It is supposed by the police that the accused belong to an expert gang of English burglars, who of late have been nightly engaged in the perpetration of crimes. Franklin and Wells were committed to prison for examination.

CHARGE OF EMBROIDERY.—Mr. Conrad Delloff, cashier of Belmont's Banking House, Beaver street, was, on Wednesday arrested by Officer

McMann, of the Lower Police Court, charged by one of the clerks of the establishment with having received from him sums of money amounting to about \$600, of which he has rendered no account to the firm. The accused denies the truth of the charge, and states that he can show his entire innocence. Justice Connelly held him to bail to await examination.

CHARGE OF BURGLARY.—A Scotchman, 22 years of age, named James Laurie, was, on Wednesday, arrested, charged with having on Tuesday night broken into the carpenter shop of Isaac Simerson, corner of Thirty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, and stolen therefrom a quantity of tools, which he subsequently offered for sale at No. 91 Elizabeth street. The accused has but recently been discharged from the State Prison, where he was sent for a similar offense. He was locked up in default of \$2,000 by Justice Welsh for examination.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A man named William H. Waring, who resided at No. 169 Amos street, was almost instantly killed on Tuesday afternoon, by being struck with a heap of snow pitched from the top of the dwelling at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Broadway, by two laboring men employed in clearing the roof. The deceased was taken at once to the Twenty-first Ward Station-house, add Patrick Cassidy and Michael Fagan, the workmen, were taken in custody. The indifference to the lives and safety of passengers manifested by persons engaged in clearing roofs of the frozen snow that encumbers them, amounts to gross criminality.

MORE THAN FIFTY CHILDREN FROM THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS left the city, on Tuesday, for new homes in Illinois. The group (many of whom were infants) looked smiling and happy, and form, we believe, the largest party that ever left this city for so long a journey.

It is stated that the Camden and Amboy Railroad have been using a portion of the Battery filled in, for landing and shipping their freight, for several days past. Some folks jealous of any misappropriation of the Battery, wonder what it means. Probably, the difficulty of using their own slip has sent them to squat on the Battery.

BURGLARY.—Two boys named Mathew Campbell and Peter Campbell were committed for trial by Justice Flandreau, charged with burglary, entering and stealing from the public house of Henry B. Venn, No. 295 Bowers, a basket of wine and some clothing, in all of the value of \$65. The offense was committed on Monday evening last. The accused, when arrested, had in their possession the alleged stolen wine.

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY OF JEWELRY.—The house of Mr. William Brodman, No. 233 Seventh street, was entered by a burglar early on Monday evening, and robbed of jewelry to the value of \$600. The theft was not discovered until eight o'clock, and it is supposed to have been committed while the family were at supper. The police were notified, but have not succeeded in capturing the burglar.

ANOTHER DEATH AT A POLICE STATION.—William McCormick, a blacksmith, residing at No. 693 Water street, was found dead yesterday morning in a cell in the Seventh Ward Station house, where he had been put while grossly intoxicated. An inquest was held upon the body and a verdict of "death from congestion of the brain" was rendered. Deceased was a native of Ireland, 32 years of age.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

STEALING A WHALE.—The following case was lately tried in the United States District Court at Boston:—"Henry Tober et al. vs. Levi Jenny, Jr., et al." was heard. This is an action to recover damages in \$5000 for obtaining possession of a whale belonging to libellants. It is alleged that in July, 1882, the crew of the ship Hillman, of New Bedford, in the Sea of Ochotak, struck a whale, which they anchored in ten fathoms water while they went ashore. The next day, upon seeking for their prize, it was gone, having been taken possession of by the ship Zone, of Fairhaven. It is further alleged that the whale would yield not less than one hundred and thirty-five barrels of oil and two thousand pounds of bone, of the value of \$5000.

A few days ago an old man was robbed on the steamer Empress, plying on the Mississippi River. The guilty parties were soon after arrested, and tried under the Judge Lynch code, with a display of much forensic eloquence, and the sentence of the jury was faithfully executed—one person receiving 150 lashes, another 50. They were then set ashore.

We notice in the Tallahassee Floridian of the 19th inst., that the Secretary of War has sent forward instructions to adopt coercive measures for the removal of the Indians occupying the extreme southern section of Florida. The Governor of Florida has tendered to Col. Monroe five companies of volunteers, and promises as many more as may be necessary to effect the purpose.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—A few days since, a beggar walked into the office of Mr. Beddome, in London, C. W., with a petition, written on a green pasteboard, and being refused relief, without making his exit, when perceiving that he was in an exchange office, he coolly pulled out a handful of silver, and asked Mr. Beddome to accommodate him with gold!

A YOUNG LADY IN SPRINGFIELD KIDNAPPED.—The Springfield Republican says: Yesterday a party of three Shakers from the Enfield (Ct.) Settlement—a man, a woman and a girl of some 18 years—were trading at Plympton's dry-goods store, when another woman and a young man—world's people—came and spoke to the Shaker girl. They appeared to be remonstrating with her and urging her to accompany them, but she declining, they forcibly seized her, and, after a pulling and hauling struggle with the Shaker man and woman, who resisted the taking off, in which the wonder was that the object of possession was not pulled limb from limb—they succeeded in carrying her off and putting her on the cars for the east, just then starting off. And in that direction captors and captive were carried on the wings of steam. It seems they stood in the relation of mother and daughter and brother and sister; that the young woman had been beguiled, by her own weakness or the arts of others, to join the disciples of "Mother Ann;" and that her relatives, who live somewhere to the east of us, took this method of rescuing her. The Shakers were not disposed to acquiesce, and two of the patriarchs came to town in the evening to take measures to get the girl back.

The Norristown (Pa.) Herald tells the following story: "A somewhat singular accident occurred on the Reading Railroad on Wednesday morning last. As the morning passenger train was approaching Manayunk, the cylinder head of the engine blew out, and with such violence that, at the distance of fifty yards, it struck a man who was walking between two others on the opposite track, carrying the top of his head entirely away, leaving his companions uninjured but considerably astonished."

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The Louisville Courier of the 17th says: "We learn that a little boy, son of Maria Lewis, who had hitched a small sled behind a wagon, to be hauled along, was almost instantly killed, yesterday, by being run over. The wagon had stopped and a number of boys tied their sleds to it, when just as it started, this boy fell off his sled, or was jostled off, and the wagon wheel passed directly over his neck and broke it. The driver of the wagon, arrested by Carter Tiller. He was very much grieved at the sad affair, which, from all we could learn, was the result altogether of an accident."

A WINDFALL.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says that a young man named Harry Gray, who is engaged as a watchman at the Kentucky Locomotive Works in that city, has recently been left him, conditionally, by a deceased uncle in England, \$200,000. The gentleman, Mr. Gray, is said to be a very clever fellow—only twenty-four years of age—already having inherited \$45,000 from his father, which he spent for the benefit of himself and "mankind in general." His prudent old uncle, knowing his fast habits in his youth, and not knowing his industrious habits now, inserted, as a condition of the inheritance, that if the said Harry was in debt at the age of thirty, \$500, he should forfeit the inheritance. Here is a stronger incentive to keep ahead of one's debts than we have ever seen before.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, one of our most popular citizens died on Friday the 26th ult. Col. Maxwell was a Scotchman, and had resided with us many years. William H. Maxwell was educated for the law, but of late years, having a fine property, confined himself chiefly to literary pursuits and published a history of Ireland. He was devotedly attached to the literature of his native land, and died upon a day which he always celebrated—the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. Mr. Maxwell was eminently social in his habits, and a pleasant companion. No man could make a more piquant after-dinner speech or sing a better song. He will be sincerely regretted by hosts of friends.

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press announces the sudden death of Prof. Zadock Thompson, of that place. He died on the 19th ult., of heart complaint, in the 60th year of his age. Mr. Thompson, though a man of remarkably modest and retiring habits and feelings, was yet as well known as almost any man in Vermont. His Gazetteer and History of the State, and his small works designed for school use, also his position as State Naturalist, all while they indicate the character and value of his literary and scientific labors, served to make him known throughout the State, and to extend his reputation abroad.

Ex-Governor Jos. Walker, of Louisiana, died at New Orleans, on the 24th ult. Gov. Walker was a plain practical minded man, distinguished for his patriotism and devotion to his country. He received every honor that could be conferred by his native State, and in every position in which he acted, invariably acquired the credit of thorough honesty and singleness of purpose.

Dr. Coler, from Boston, died at the Galt House in Louisville, Ky., on the 18th ult., of pneumonia, from which he had been suffering two or three weeks. The deceased went to Kentucky with the intention of delivering a course of lectures on health and its relation to morals, &c. His wife reached him only half an hour before his death.

Memphis papers bring us the particulars of the accidental death of Major R. A. Williamson, (a native of Baltimore,) the late Superintendent of the Memphis and Ohio railroad. It appears he was on a train, as it passed a bridge over

Griffin's creek, and in the hindmost car, and it is supposed that he placed his head far out of the train's passage, and was looking backward when his head came in contact with a post of the bridge, killing him instantly. His body fell from the car into the water below, a distance of 20 feet, and as no one in the train was noticing his position at the time of the accident, the train passed on without discovering it. His body was, however, soon after found by a person who went to the creek to procure water. There was a bad wound on the forehead, above the right eye, and on examining the posts of the bridge they were found besmeared with blood. His remains were interred at Memphis by the Masonic fraternity. The Bulletin says:

Major Williamson was forty-five years of age, a native of Maryland, in which State his brothers and sisters now reside. He had been connected with railroads during the past twenty years of his life, and was well known in Georgia and South Carolina, in which States he had lived several years, and superintended different railroads. He became connected with the Memphis and Ohio railroad last July, and under his superintendence the road was progressing rapidly. Major W. was an unmarried man, possessed of great energy of character, practical business talent, and was universally esteemed as an accomplished gentleman.

We learn the death of Commodore Charles Morris, who expired at Washington on Sunday last. He was a native of Connecticut, and entered the Navy, as a midshipman, in 1799. He was one of the parties who, in company with Lieut. Decatur, at Tripoli, were engaged in the gallant enterprise of destroying the Philadelphia—having been the first to leap on her deck. He also distinguished himself in the same war by the capture of a privateer. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. He was on board the Constitution in her engagement with and capture of the Guerriere, after the commencement of the war of 1812, but received a severe wound. He was then promoted to a captaincy, and, after his recovery, appointed to the command of the corvette John Adams, of 28 guns. He continued at sea till 1844, since which time he has been engaged in various appointments on shore. His services, from the time of entering as a "mid," embraced a period of more than fifty-six years, he being at the time of his death over seventy years of age. By the flourishing of Commodore Stewart (who, by the way, commanded the Constitution on her capturing the British ships of war Cyane and Levant) he became the senior captain of the navy, which position will now be occupied by Commodore Shubrick, the President of the Council or Commission of fifteen.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

BY T. F. THORPE.
"Fortune favors the brave."

A FRONTIER military post, in peace or war, to the great number of persons, is a place of much fun and frolic. We are indebted to such a place for much pleasure and many pleasing recollections. The soldier's life is one of adventure; few in the army, indeed, are dull talkers, though all, in their way, can tell events so thrilling in their details that the manner is unnoticed in the interest of the subject itself.

Then again, these military posts have some good fellows, as hangers-on, that are nowhere else to be met with; gentlemen that at college were remarkable for their low standing with the faculty, and for their popularity with the boys. Mad scapegraces, that after graduating as doctors or lawyers, lost all their practice at home; the one by quoting too largely from the imagination instead of the statutes, the other by some unfortunate propensity to "sneak ladies' hands" instead of their pulses, in an unprofessional manner. Good dogs, indeed, but unsuited to the times; and where else could they find a field for gibes and jests like a new country? or more fit companions than the officers of frontier garrisons?

Besides, the officers are so glad to meet with such refined company where they least expected; and the hangers-on are so delighted to meet with champagne and *gaie de fol gras* where they least expected it. Thus, both parties are always pleased, always ready to be happy, and to do their best to make all around them so; and a frontier garrison is a jolly place.

Major Lear, who fell so gallantly fighting at Monterey, was the commander of the military post; he possessed the most generous and warm temperament, and, as is the consequence sometimes with such persons, he was exceedingly passionate.

Educated in a camp from his infancy, he had learned to command, even in his boyhood, as he learned to grow, without knowing anything about the matter,—except that he grew and commanded, and took one as much a matter of course as the other. As manhood and middle age came on, as might be expected, his influence among his equals amounted to the highest respect, and with his inferior—wonderful; they would quail before his angry eye and tongue, as if the lightning and heard thunder,—yet Major Lear was loved, almost idolized. "Y'all who knew him: and the helpless, injured innocent, though the humblest individual under his command, would from him receive redress and protection.

In early life, the Major had won the fame of a brave and prudent man; but many years of glorious ease had made him the master-spirit in feats of the trenches: in this active service, he told the best story, had the "choicest brands," the best cook, and with a delicacy almost unknown, always turned his back, as he shot his eye, you drank at his table or sideboard. In him we had a frontier lion; and the way said lion and his companions used to destroy the beasts of the forest, including a considerable number of fowls of the air, astonished the natives of the country beyond anything else, save the idea, of a "man's keeping two varmints in a grass-patch, when he might shoot a dozen by going a little way into the woods."

These "varmints" were two beautiful deer, which the Major had purchased, when they were fawns, from some wandering Indians; he had fed them with milk from his own hand, and now that they were full grown, they adorned the garrison park,—the favorites on which he bestowed those affections, that would, most probably, under other circumstances, have been lavished on a wife and children. These deer, in fact, were sacred; if the rose ate up the dahlias, jasmines, or other choice flowers of the neighboring gardens,—if the buck kicked over every child he met, and then half kicked out its eye,—for these things were constant pastimes,—the Major would pleasantly observe, that "flowers were made for Fanny to eat, and Dick's heels were perfectly harmless; if the young ones were out of the way?" all was wrong; if so, the deer were right.

On a fine summer evening, the jolly good fellows of the garrison, as they were wont, headed by the Major, were willing the time in the most agreeable manner, by turns humorous and pathetic, the feeling softened by choice wine, the mind disposed to quiet, until they had arrived at that point, of all others the most agreeable—that hallucination, when one is entirely satisfied with himself, and feels at peace and good-will with all mankind.

In this humor, for the first time in their memory, they were interrupted. A tall, scape-gallow looking fellow thrust a strange face in at the door without notice or ceremony; the Major's eye flashed for a moment, but he turned his head, and discovered it was "one of the people" (the soldiers were under better discipline) that had caused the interruption, and at the same time demanded what the fellow wanted. The reply was prompt, and as follows:

"I comprehend that you are fond of venison in this 'ere place; well, I have a fine buck to sell—a real smasher—and you can have him for precious little plunder, and no mistake."

The name of the venison acted upon the party's senses like a charm, and all congratulated each other with cordiality that would have done honor to friends meeting after a long separation. While this was going on, the Major bargained for the buck, provided he liked its appearance on sight; and, purse in hand, and followed by his gallant companions in knives and forks, went out to see the carcass.

Oh, horror! who shall describe the scene that ensued! On the grass before him, lay a magnificent buck slightly wounded, his feet bound, and panting from fear, as if his heart would fly out of his mouth, while big round tears were rolling down his dappled cheeks. In this affecting sight, the Major saw his favorite! Speechless with rage, he looked at the poor prisoner, and then his keeper; and choking like a drowning man, he at last exclaimed, with the voice of thunder:

"Damnation, fellow, where did you get that deer?" The astonished countryman knew the man with whom he was dealing, and his display of anger appalled him; and in choking accents he replied, as soon as his fright would let him speak:

"I caught the thing in the river below, I did."

"You are a liar!" roared the Major, "you have been robbing my premises, and you shall rot in prison, you shall!"

Then drawing the knife, he stepped forward, and with one dash unlocked the deer, which struggled upon its feet and limped away; then turned, as we thought, to unlock the robber's windpipe, who had, on the appearance of the weapon, broke and made good his escape before he could be molested.

The Major in his rage, gasped convulsively for a moment, and then, giving utterance to the wildest imprecations, disappeared.

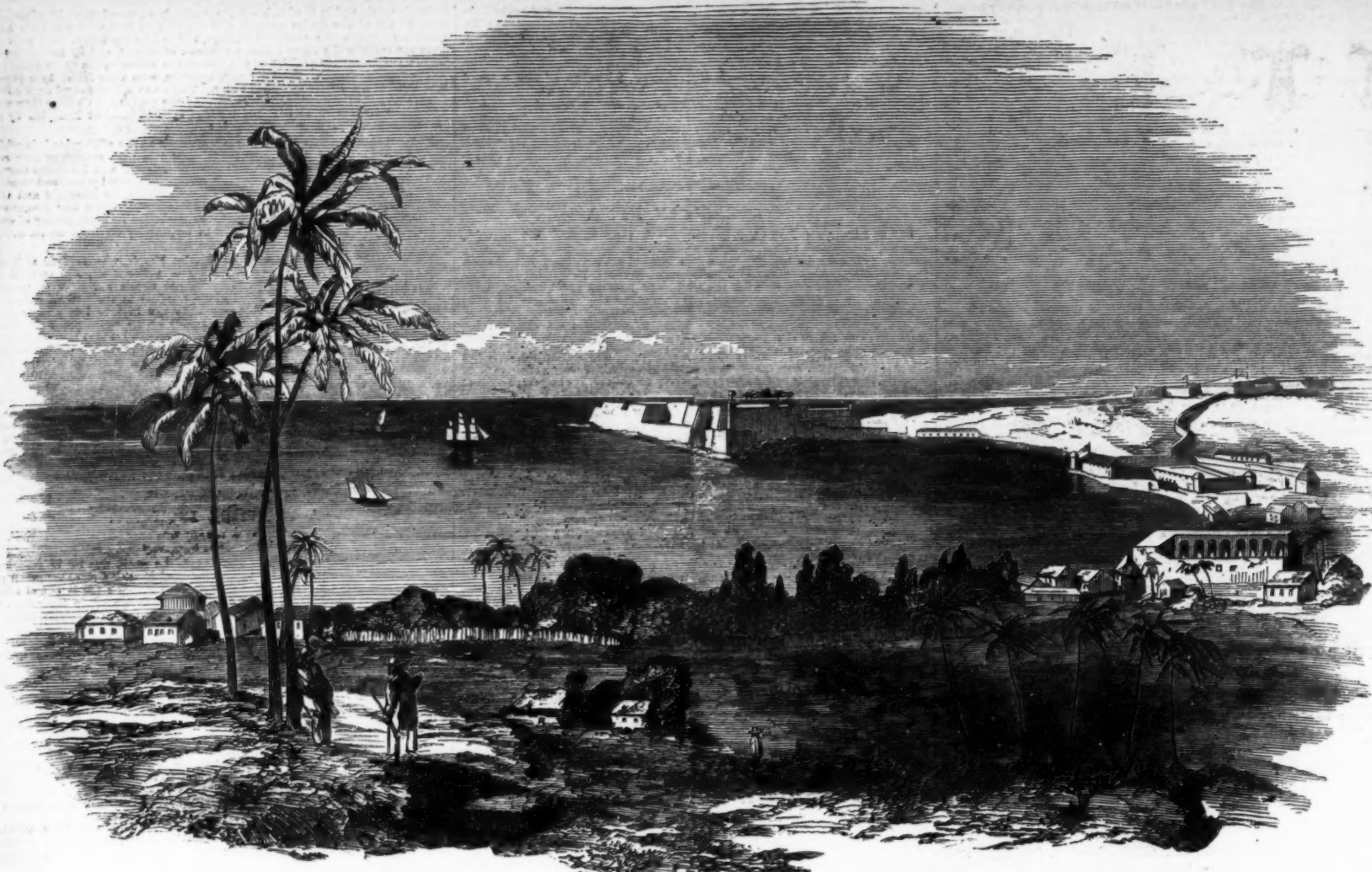
The effect of all this on the party was dreadful; it was the first time in the Major's life that he had ever left his guests without a smile, and an invitation to "walk in, and be at home;" they viewed each other with rueful countenances, and returned, unbidden, to the room they had so recently left. The Major was found moody and dispirited, and this humor increased upon him as they heard the report of a rifle, which, by the Major's orders, deposited its contents in the unfortunate deer's head, to release the poor creature from its sufferings.

In the midst of this embarrassing situation, there burst into the room, contrary to all military etiquette, a "reg'laz," his eyes staring, and his mouth open. This piece of ill manners, and second interruption, that too, from one of his own corps, was too much for the Major as he then felt; and, probably taking advantage of this—to give loose to his pent-up feelings,—he leaped the table, seized the poor private by the throat, and hurled him to the floor, exclaiming:

"You poltroon! and will you too, without a single mark of respect, enter into the presence of your superiors? Do you think I will overlook your impudence as I did that scoundrel of a countryman's, on the score of ignorance?" "No, no!" cried the poor soldier, "forgive me, your two doors are safe; and the one just shot is—"

The man said no more: the Major reeled for a moment like one about to faint, then throwing his purse at the poor soldier's head, gave three cheers, so loudly and heartily, and with such unanimity, in which all present joined, that the tumblers and decanters on the table chimed like the ringing of distant bells.

Happiness was most singularly and unexpectedly restored to the little frontier party, and the poor deer which had caused the only unwelcome interruption in the long social intercourse, apologized to every body's entire satisfaction, in the richest steaks and haunches that ever graced the table; and as the delicious viands were discussed, there flashed the brightest wit, and passed the happiest hours, that ever blessed the old campaigners of the Frontier Garrison.



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF HAVANA, FROM FUERTE DEL PRINCIPE.

ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF HAVANA, FROM FUERTE DEL PRINCIPE.

THE American going to Cuba for the first time anxiously watches for the first glimpse of the famed "gem of the Antilles." The announcement of "land in sight," calls him to the deck; presently there looms up upon the clear atmosphere, a number of snowy white spots, which rapidly gain solidity, and take shape. First are made out the frowning walls of Moro Castle and Light House. To the right is the Punta, in front of which was executed the unfortunate Lopez. Beyond is the fortress of Cabana, one of the strongest in the world. Such are the individual peculiarities of our faithful picture of the entrance of the port of Havana. Every vessel entering is telegraphed, and such houses as do not command a view of the Moro, reflect the signals by means of looking-glasses affixed to some lofty part of the premises.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.—Not long since, an Eastern man while on his way to Boston, was stopped on the highway by a robber, and requested to hand over his money, or have his brains blown out. "O," said the traveller quietly, "blow away, blow away; it's better to go to Boston without brains than without money."

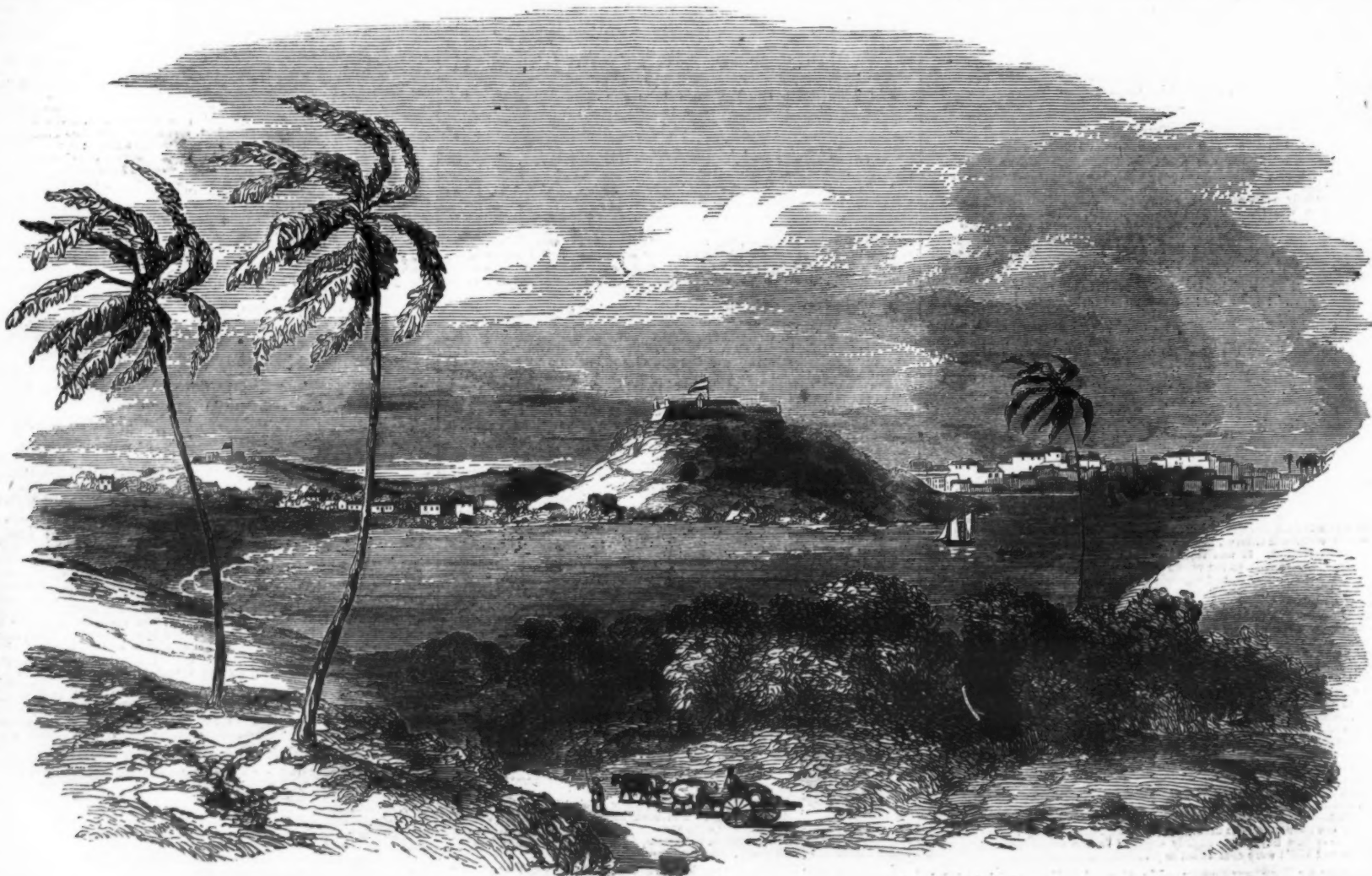
HAVANA.—PART OF THE HARBOR.—FORT OF ARATAS, WHERE CRITTENDEN AND HIS FIFTY AMERICANS WERE EXECUTED.

IN the central distance of the view is the fort of Aratas, where the fifty Americans under command of Crittenden, and attached to the Lopez expedition, were barbarously shot by the Havana authorities. To the left is the Prince's fort, and below is the suburb of Jesse Maria. Part of the harbor of Havana is shown, and on the right the view of a part of the city. The friends of Crittenden contemplate erecting a magnificent monument to his memory in front of the fort of Aratas, the moment the island is in possession of the United States.

HOW THEY VOTE FOR SPEAKER.—The process is this: A deputy clerk rises and slowly and distinctly pronounces the full name of each member, "Mr. William Aiken," "Mr. Charles J. Albright," repeating it three times if there is no response; and so on in alphabetical order through the two hundred and thirty-four. As his name is called the member answers aloud "Banks" or "Richardson," or whoever he votes for. If he has any explanation or remark to make in reference to his vote, he makes it at the same time. After the

roll has been gone through with, those who were absent or did not vote when their names were called (there are always ten or a dozen such), rise and request their votes to be recorded, which is accordingly done. A second deputy has kept tally on a printed list, which he now passes over to the one who calls the roll. He reads, "Those who voted for Mr. Richardson are Messrs. _____," &c., and so on with reference to the others. This recapitulation occupies seven or eight minutes, calling the roll about twenty. A last opportunity is now afforded for any absentees to record his vote. Finally, a third deputy, who has been counting up, hands the result in figures to the clerk, which he announces, "Banks 103, Richardson 67," &c. An idea may be formed from this how tedious the process is. Six callings of the roll, without any debate, occupy as much time as is usually spent in a daily session.

PARIS OMNIBUS LINES.—The omnibuses of the city of Paris are all in the hands of a single company. This concern contains twenty-five distinct lines; each line is called after some letter of the alphabet. The fares are equal to six cents American currency, for riding inside, with right of correspondence, and three cents outside, without that privilege. "Correspondence" means changing from one line of omnibuses to another without further payment, until the passenger has reached his journey's end.



HAVANA.—PART OF THE HARBOR.—FORT OF ARATAS, WHERE CRITTENDEN AND HIS FIFTY AMERICANS WERE EXECUTED.



MONSTER SNOW FLOW, COMING DOWN THE GRADE AT FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MONSTER SNOW FLOW COMING DOWN THE GRADE AT FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ONE of the most exposed railroad tracks in the Union, is that entering Franklin, New Hampshire. In its vicinity are the cold peaks of the White Mountains, which, so far from affording the road protection, pour down upon it the chilly winter blast even in mid summer. Our artist became involved in the great snow storm on this road, and with an eye to the picturesque, and desirous of illustrating the striking scenes of the hour, sent us the splendid picture which is connected with this description. In consequence of the heavy drift, it became impossible where it was lined with high banks for the trains to pass through the road, and the monster snow plow impelled by several locomotives was brought into requisition, to "clear the track." As it started off, the grade being on a descent, the plow seemed to move with irresistible force, causing the snow to fly in the rear, first in straight lines, and then dash upwards with serpentine motions, the snow rolling over like the white breakers of the storm lashed sea. The snow however was often more powerful than even steam, and at times held eight engines in abeyance, causing their wheels to spin around with melancholy impotency. The passengers meanwhile lamenting their misfortunes, and becoming constantly impressed with the sublime fact, that nature, even in her simplest demonstrations is more powerful than the grandest efforts of man.

SOULOUQUE AND HIS MINISTERS OF STATE IN COUNCIL.

THE news of the defeat of the Emperor of Hayti by the Dominicans, has not only been confirmed, but later arrivals give details which justify the impression that the Emperor was either killed in battle,

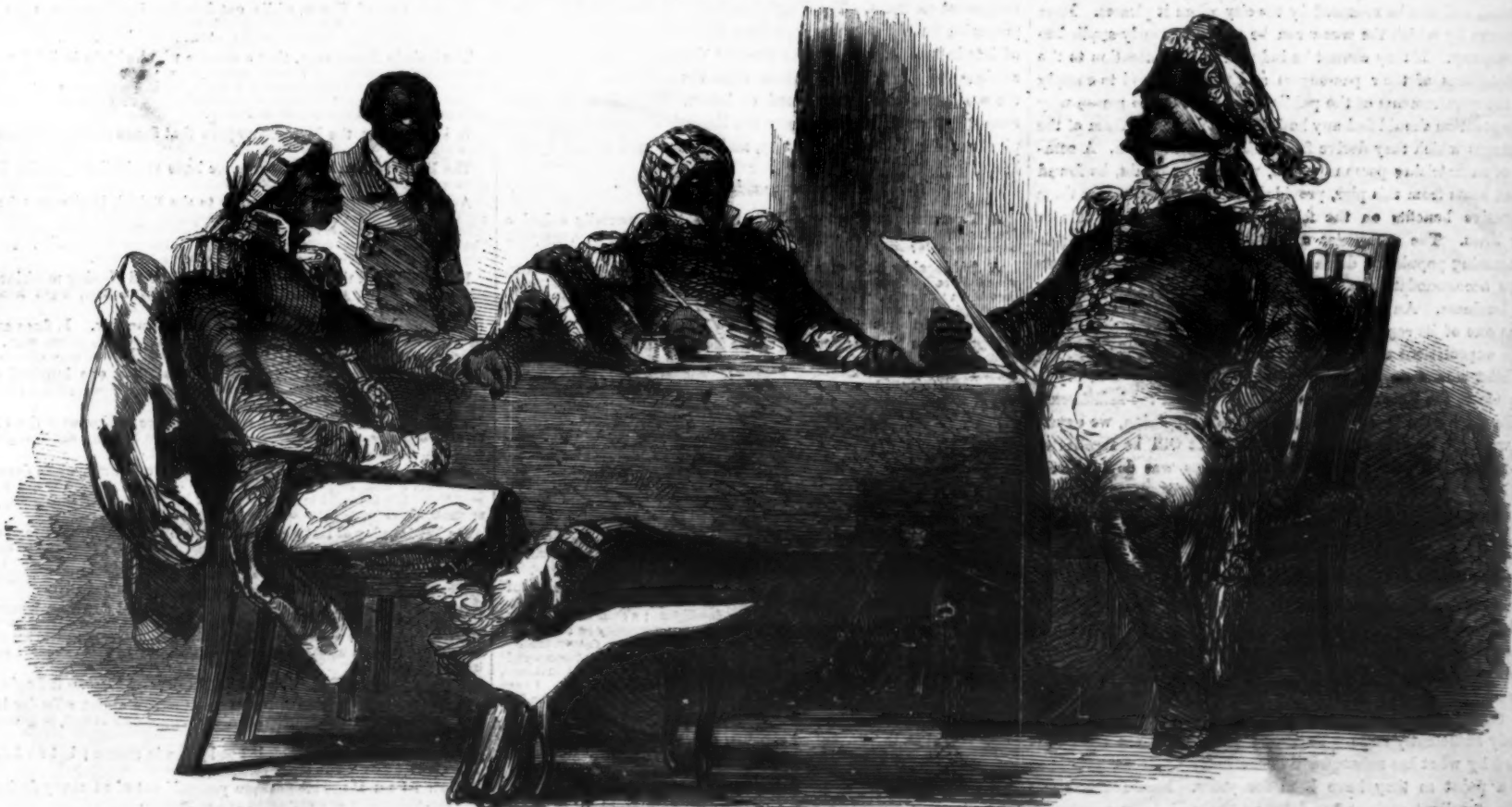
or perished in his retreat. The Kingston *Banner of the People*, of January the 19th inst. states that the expedition which was fitted out by the Emperor Soulouque for the invasion of the Spanish side of San Domingo, had met the Dominican forces, and that a bloody battle took place between the opposing armies. In the conflict, General Dufresne, of the Haytian army, and another general officer, were surrounded by the Spaniards, and fell before superior numbers. The fortunes of war, however, decided in favor of the Dominicans, and the forces of Soulouque were driven back with great slaughter. The Emperor himself had disappeared altogether, and it is said that he ran like a coward on the day of the battle. It is supposed that he has been killed by the Spaniards, or died, from the fatigue of the march homewards. A provisional Emperor was proclaimed to succeed to the reins of power. Our picture represents Soulouque and his ministers in council, taken soon after his accession to the imperial power, and they may be relied upon as faithful portraits in every particular. We perceive that in the battles that resulted so disastrously to Soulouque none of his ministers are mentioned, it is therefore to be presumed, that they remained at home to look after the government, and thus have escaped for the present, to make their appearance in new characters, either as self-constituted princes of royal blood, or in the more appropriate offices of boot blacks and barbers.

ALLEGED HOMICIDE IN THE TOMBS.—During the night of Sunday last a disturbance occurring between a party of inebriates (six in number) who were incarcerated in the Tombs, one of the party, named Michael Collins, beat a prisoner so severely about the head and face, that when the deputy-keeper came to the cell, he found the unfortunate man dead. The fact was communicated to the Warden, Mr. Gray, when, upon questioning the surviving prisoners,

the fact was developed, that Collins had beaten the deceased. Collins alleged that he had first been assaulted by McLean, and gave him a severe castigation only in self-defence. Coroner Gamble on being notified repaired to the prison and proceeded to make a thorough investigation of the circumstances connected with McLean's death. The jury rendered a verdict that the death of the deceased was hastened by the injuries received at the hands of Michael Collins, and the accused was locked up by the order of the coroner to await examination.

HEROISM.—On Saturday evening last a little girl about eight years of age, daughter of Mr. Metlar, who resides at No. 109 Grand street, Jersey City, was leaving the Jersey City ferryboat she fell between the boat and bridge into the water. Lemuel Alfred, a deck hand on board of the boat, immediately leaped into the water to rescue her, in which he was successful. He, however, narrowly escaped losing his own life in the attempt. When taken from the water he was so benumbed with the cold, and his wet clothing was so heavy that he was rescued with great difficulty. The officers of the British steamer Africa witnessed the occurrence, being on board of the boat, and immediately subscribed \$50, with which to present Mr. Alfred with a medal.

COMMON SENSE MORALITY.—Sir Sidney Smith was pre-eminently practical in his counsel, the following piece of advice smacks strongly of his sound utilitarianism:—"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, and dress is of no use. Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or becoming bonnet; and if she has a grain of common sense she will find this out. The greatest thing is to teach their just value; and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."



Count de Vival, brother of the Emperor.

Duke of ... Sec. of the Treasury.

M. La Roche, President of the Senate.

The Emperor Soulouque.

SOULOUQUE AND HIS CABINET MINISTERS IN COUNCIL.

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The country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligences, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1856.

The wreck of the Columbus has again called attention to the management of the Ferries. That accident by which so many lives were hazarded is clearly attributable to the parsimony of the Staten Island company. To economise their property they risk a wholesale destruction of human life. At a time when seaworthy and powerful boats are especially necessary they lay by their best vessels in dock and trust the safety of their passengers to the old worn out craft which have been doing service for years past. The consequence is that one boat has already had her side stove in by the ice, and that people crossing are in hourly apprehension of a similar accident occurring to the others. Adventurous as the Staten Islanders are known to be, we question if they will be long reconciled to this state of things. They are already compelled to pay hazardous premiums on the insurance of their villas in this rural retreat, one of whose disadvantages, strange to say, is scarcity of water. We expect that after the facts brought out by the wreck of the Columbus, the insurance companies will raise the premiums on their life policies also. What fever and ague fail to effect in the curtailment of human life the ferry company is sure to accomplish.

Why such a state of things should be tolerated in a community like this is one of those curious problems in our municipal arrangements, which no one seems able to solve. Whilst we are told that we are bound to respect chartered privileges, vested rights, and all the other monopolies consecrated by legal protection, we hear nothing of the duties imposed by property. If a company in return for certain advantageous concessions undertakes to afford facilities of conveyance to the public, it seems to us that there can be but one understanding as to the manner in which that contract should be carried out. The bargain was never intended to be unilateral, all the benefits, all the profits, and all the dictation being on one side, and nothing but inconvenience, danger and insulting treatment on the other. It is nonsense to tell us that there is no remedy for this state of things. There is no wrong for which the law does not provide a remedy, and it is especially stringent in contracts to which the public are a party. We contend that in cases like this of the Staten Island Ferry, no sort of delicacy or consideration should be observed towards persons who manifest so much indifference to the public safety. If their leases cannot be legally annulled, there is a portion of their privileges, not secured in that way which can be taken from them. The slip on the east side of pier No. 1 East River, together with the Staten Island privilege, are held by an equivocal sort of tenure, and can be resumed by the city when it pleases. Here is a means by which the screw can be advantageously applied to the company. If they cannot be induced to pay attention to the remonstrances of their passengers and the press, and to comply with the requirements of the public service, we see no reason why the corporation should feel any hesitation in depriving them of the advantages which they derive from this accommodation. A company of enterprising persons would, we have no doubt, be found to start boats from this pier, provided the city would secure them prospective benefits on the falling in of the leases of this or other lines. The necessities of the Island entailed by its rapidly increasing population demand that there should be night boats for the accommodation of passengers detained late in the city by their business. Any line of ferry boats which does not comprize this as one of its regular arrangements must fail in satisfying the public expectations and wants.

Whilst we are on the subject, we have a few words to say in reference to the Brooklyn ferries, although, from the indifference manifested by the Union Company to public opinion, we expect that we shall be only wasting our time. It will be recollected that when, last year, the fare of these lines was doubled, the justification put forth by the Company for the increase was, that the high price of coal so diminished their profits, as to leave not only no return for their capital, but a positive loss. The public, incredulous as to the truth of this assertion, called for a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the Company. The latter took care not only to withhold the particulars, but to scrupulously avoid entering into any controversy on the subject. It was shown by parties who had thoroughly informed themselves as to the facts, that the increase in the price of coal could not have had the influence pretended on the affairs of the Company, and that the pretext was merely resorted to to swell profits already sufficiently large. This view of the case has been confirmed by what has subsequently occurred. Coals are now at as low a point as they have been for years. Householders can obtain excellent coals at five dollars a ton, and large consumers like the ferry companies can of course purchase at a considerable

reduction from that price. Have the Union Company manifested any disposition to give the public the benefit of a portion of the advantages which they are themselves reaping? Nothing of the sort. Whilst, on the one hand, they have recovered what they pretended they had lost in income by the increase in the price of coal, they now enjoy the double profits which they have secured by this unworthy trick. It might be supposed that they would be content with the advantages thus gained, without seeking to multiply them by other paltry shifts. But such is not the case. At no former period within our recollection, since the lines came into their possession, do we recollect them to have been more shabbily or unsatisfactorily managed. On the South Ferry, for some time past, the old, narrow, and badly constructed boats which formerly served the purposes of a thin population, have again been brought into use, to the great inconvenience and risk of the public. They are daily exposed to the same casualties as that which befell the Columbus, with the additional danger arising from their being overcrowded. The Company evidently think more of their property than they do of the lives of their passengers, or they would not withdraw the boats which seem best calculated to resist these dangers. It is only when some dreadful calamity results from their avarice, that they will be shamed into compliance with the dictates of humanity. In the mean time what must be thought of the system of municipal government which delivers us bodily into the hands of such men? Those who direct it should be content with the plunder which they enjoy themselves, without allowing us to be preyed upon by these river corsairs.

The Fire Marshal in his last semi-annual report congratulates the city on the decrease exhibited by it in the number of incendiary fires. He tells us that in the six months ending on the 30th of November last there were only fifty-two fires of this character, whilst in the corresponding period of 1854 there were ninety-four. Truly this is a subject for felicitation. We are making, it seems, some little progress in social morals and in the decent restraints of civilized life. Only fifty-two incendiary fires in a period of six months amongst a population of little over half a million! What a commentary on the organization of our police system and on the administration of justice generally. Paris, with a population double, and London, with a population quadruple in number to ours, do not exhibit together the half of this aggregate. The reason is that in those cities the police are the servants of the public and not of party cliques, and that justice is prompt and certain in the punishment of the offender.

England and France are paying dearly for their war-whistle. At the rate at which gold continues to be drained from their coffers, they bid fair to be soon used up. The Bank of England, we are told, loses over a quarter of a million sterling in a week, and that of France three-quarters of a million in a month. If Russia can only succeed in protracting the war five years longer, she will break the backbone of English conceit, and teach the French that finance is a more powerful political lever than military science. According to the present aspect of things, England will have to contract enormous loans to carry on the war, which, superadded to the already overwhelming burdens imposed upon her people, will be too great a load for them to support. As it is, the masses are ground down by taxation; employment is difficult, and the necessities of life are at starvation prices. The result of the present struggle will not be the humiliation of the Czar, but the complete overthrow of the monarchical system in England. John Bull is a patient animal, but when goaded to desperation, is a difficult creature to deal with. He attributes all the evils under which he is now suffering to the aristocracy, and when his power of endurance is exhausted, he will wreak his vengeance on them. The English nobility feel this, and they are preparing for the storm. They have become wonderfully pliant of late in their concessions to popular demands; but their concessions regard the form rather than the substance, and leave the monster abuses complained of intact. This state of things cannot last much longer. Once the English stomach gets a good pinching, the throne, aristocracy, and church will all go by the board.

A TEMPERANCE NOTION.—Why is a sot so generally called a drunken dog? Is it not by reason of the habit which most dogs have, of getting under the table?

A fashionable lady at a watering place had a favorite lap dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name for a beautiful pet, madam," observed a passer by, "Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, most exquisitely, "It was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he speaks of it, and says: 'Perchance, my dog will howl!'"

RETURNING EMIGRANTS.—A notice from the Department of State at Washington says:—Information has been received at this department that for some time past a considerable number of emigrants, for the most part of German origin, have been returning from the United States to Europe, by way of Havre. It therefore becomes necessary, on account of some of them arriving without any resources, for the consuls of their respective nations, or public charity, to provide them with means to return to their country, and sometimes they also become chargeable to the parishes of France. This has occasioned an official intimation to this department that, if the number of returning indigent emigrants by way of France were to increase, the French government would be compelled to prescribe measures to prevent the landing of those who, for want of sufficient personal resources, might become chargeable to the public. This information is therefore published, to the end that captains of American vessels, bound for Havre, may be warned of the difficulties to which they are likely to expose themselves if they take on board foreign emigrants who have not sufficient means to defray the expenses of their transportation over France.

THE FERTILITY OF KANSAS.—Hon. Sterling G. Cato, the Territorial Judge, in a recent letter to his brother, of Eufaula, Ala., says:—"The people here are quiet and orderly, sharp and intelligent; a little rough in manner, but warm hearted and cordial. This is as fine a country as any on the face of the earth, and the profits of its productions would far exceed those of the cotton fields of the South. All kinds of grain, grass, clover and hemp yield a rich product. I have no doubt but that slave labor would yield in hemp, corn and grain, at least from thirty to forty dollars per acre annually. I have seen no poor land; it all seems to me richer than the best Chattahoochee bottom, and most of it is just such land as in the adjoining Missouri counties, is now selling from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. Corn is now selling at twenty cents per bushel, and the product estimated at one hundred bushels per acre; and the hemp crop (six tons per hand) at one hundred and forty dollars per ton, and you see at once how labor is more productive here than at the South. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the beauty and fertility of the soil and country; generally rolling, without a great deal of timber, but, as I understand, abounding in coal for fire, and stone for building and fencing; good wells of water can be obtained anywhere, besides frequent streams running through the prairie."

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A Special Committee of the State of Massachusetts has reported a bill which takes away the power of jurors to judge of the constitutionality of a law. They are to consider a law constitutional until the Supreme Court decides otherwise.

It is stated that the case of W. G. Kendall, late Postmaster at New Orleans, was settled on Tuesday at the Post-Office Department, by the payment of \$3,889, which was the balance found against him.

Three of the colored Methodist churches of New Orleans last week presented their respective ministers with suits of clothes valued at \$100 each.

A young man named Harris died at Barboursville, Va., on Sunday, from wounds alleged to have been inflicted by J. Dickenson.

The Canadians are about to experience the benefit of an extensive lumber trade with France, as one of the results of the Paris Exhibition.

In the Senate of Mississippi a few days ago Mr. Starke gave notice of a bill to provide for the payment of the Planters' Bank bonds.

Dr. Borland, our former Minister to Central America, has left Arkansas for New Orleans, whence it is said he will proceed to Nicaragua.

The Hon. Thomas Claiborne, who fought under Gen. Jackson in the Creek war, died lately at Nashville.

The merchants, mechanics, and others in the vicinity of Frenchtown, N. J., have held a meeting, at which they resolved to adopt the system in relation to their business on and after the 1st instant. They have put their resolution into practice, and say that so far it works well.

The Chinese appear to be returning to their old home from California. One ship from San Francisco to Hong Kong, took back four hundred, and another two hundred of that race.

The number of vessels wrecked on the Florida Reef last year was eighty, valued at \$1,123,500; with cargoes worth \$1,720,577. The salvage at Key West and on the coast, amounted to \$100,495.

A Frenchman named Jules Du Collier was recently murdered near Hannibal, Mo., by a travelling companion named William Hull. The murderer made his escape.

A few days since the Southern Brewery of Mr. Best, at Chicago, occupied by Conrad Seipp, who owned the stock, took fire and was totally destroyed. About 1,500 barrels of beer was burnt, also 2,000 bushels of barley, besides hops, &c. The entire loss cannot fall far short of \$20,000.

The Plymouth Rock, ashore at Hart Island, is all ready to be set afloat again, but owing to the accumulation of ice around her, she cannot at present be got off.

The steam-fire engine has given so much satisfaction in Chicago, that a Committee of the Common Council proposes to buy one for service in that city.

The Mayor of New Orleans has appointed the Louisiana Congressmen Delegates to the Southern Commercial Convention.

Gov. McRae of Mississippi was inaugurated for a second term on the 10th ult.

A locomotive on one of the Springfield trains was thrown from the track by the misplacement of a switch on Monday last, just as the train was leaving the New Haven depot. The engineer, Mr. Tubbs, was so badly injured that he survived but about an hour. The locomotive was thrown down an embankment nearly thirty feet.

The Council Bluffs Bugle of December 25, states that during the preceding week, 500 land warrants were located at the office in that city, and 200 cash entries made in the same time. The entries have been made, in most cases, by actual settlers.

The buildings of the Bridgeport Foundry and Machine Company were destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The total loss is \$35,000.

The wild rice of the swamps in Minnesota has produced an abundant crop this year, and upon this myriads of ducks and geese fatted until the water froze up. The Indians also make great use of wild rice. It has been seen in Connecticut, and produces well.

Elk meat is one of the luxuries of the Dubuque market this winter.

A College for Turkish youth has been established at Versailles, in France, where 300 pupils will be instructed in European languages, arts, sciences, &c. 1,500,000 francs have been appropriated by the Sultan for this purpose.

The total real and personal property in the State of New York, is officially valued at \$1,402,549,504.

Mr. Fink, a German by birth, has lately died at New Orleans leaving the bulk of his fortune, estimated at half a million, to found an asylum for destitute Protestant widows.

Louis Kossuth has retired from his connection with the London Atlas.

A new county from parts of Chenango, Otsego, Franklin, and Delaware, is projected, with its seat at Unadilla.

The American Express is now carrying on an average \$40,000 in money per day.

Belgium is the great glove manufactory of the world. It is stated that from one establishment, last year, 400,000 dozen pairs were exported to England and America. There are 3,000 hands employed there.

The Peoria (Ill.) Transcript is informed that the Rochester Mill Erecting Company intend to place in operation fifty mills on the western prairies during the year 1856, the motive power of which is to be the wind alone.

The Governor of Alabama has put his veto upon the bill passed by both Houses of the Legislature "to renew the loan to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad Company." This road, the governor says, is already completed over 100 miles beyond the Alabama line, and should rely upon its own resources, or look for aid from the States in which it lies.

The Arago brought amongst her passengers ten Sisters of the Holy Cross; eight for Indiana, and two for a new house of their order in the city of Boston.

A man named Crapo, while out hunting in Chenango, near the Forks, accidentally discharged both barrels of his gun into his side while stepping down from a log. He survived but about twenty-four hours.

The Toledo Blade says, that a woman who had lain in jail for several weeks on a charge of larceny, obtained her liberation the other day, by prevailing on the man from whom she stole the property to marry her. The husband declined to persecute his wife, and of course could not be made to testify against her, and she was set at liberty.

It is stated in the Mexican papers that Santa Anna and his wife have separated.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce have resolved to petition Congress for a general bankrupt law.

Application is about to be made to the British Parliament for an act incorporating "The Imperial Hotel Company," who propose to erect a splendid hotel on the site of the National Gallery in Trafalgar square, London. The capital is to be one million sterling, in shares of ten pounds each. The entire extent of ground to be occupied is three and a half acres.

It is calculated that there are thirty thousand planing machines in the United States, performing the labor of one million, eight hundred thousand men.

The Illinois game law went into force on Tuesday. It fines every person in whose possession any wild game, except ducks, geese, snipe, and plover, is found during the next seven months, five dollars for each offense.

The Mobile Reporter says that no less than one hundred and eighty ships and barks are at this time loading in the Southern ports for foreign ports, one hundred of which are for Great Britain.

The Cincinnati Commercial reports the ice bridge over the Ohio, between that city and Covington, has been a regular highway, and that people, cattle and commerce of every kind pass over it daily.

At Burlington, Illinois, a few days since, a woman, while drawing water from a well, slipped on the ice and fell to the bottom, nearly thirty feet, head first. She managed to get above water immediately, and calling help, was extricated from her perilous condition.

On Wednesday of last week the new and beautiful cottage residence of ex-Lieutenant Governor Leake, at Madison, C. H., Va., was destroyed by fire. The family—all ladies and girls—barely escaped in their night dresses, and were forced to walk in bare feet through snow twenty inches deep to a neighbor's house. Nothing of value was saved from the burning building.

A building owned by Mr. Rathbun was burned down on Thursday last. Two children—a boy and a girl—named Burgess, were burned with it, and their remains were recovered next morning. One appeared to have been smothered to death, while the other was so badly burned that it could hardly be recognised.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.—The Nursery of Europe is Lapland.

REPORT OF INSPECTORS OF PRISONS.—The oldest offender is not always the most obstinate. Indeed, such a culprit may be said, in general, to be peculiarly open to conviction.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—Jack is good when in season; but no fish can be more expensive than a heavy pike.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Reason yourself out of as many desires as you can, and gratify as many of the rest as possible.

HOMELY WORTH.—Many flowers are expressive of the most delicate sentiment, but which of them has the heart of a cabbage?

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE OF THE WEEK.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

In a recent letter from London, it is stated that the Bishop of that See, who has been disabled several weeks by sickness, is rapidly sinking. The Metropolitan Committee for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's Day has been fully organized, and has had several deliberations in Exeter Hall.

It is thought in England that Mr. Dickens wrote his story, *Little Dorrit*, expressly and purposely as an enemy of the sanctity of the Lord's Day. Mr. Ditcher, the promoter of the complaint against Archbishop Denison, is now pressing forward his case, and asks the Court of Queen's Bench to compel the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed, and will probably obtain a mandamus to that effect.

Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, has been compelled to spend the winter in the South, in the hope of recruiting his health. In his absence, Bishops Lee of Delaware, and Upland of Indiana, will perform Episcopal services in Pennsylvania.

It is quite noticeable, that when the King of Sardinia was in England lately, the various Religious Societies waited on him with congratulatory addresses. His Majesty replied in terms sufficiently friendly to rouse the wrath of the Continental Ultramontanes. Like Louis Napoleon, the King of Sardinia was admitted to the Order of the Garter.

The Church Colony at Canterbury, in New Zealand, has turned out remarkably well. When it was started, it was laughed at, as being Quixotic. The colony is now strong enough to go on by itself, and the Association in England has been dissolved, after a very satisfactory settlement of its accounts. There is a sum of \$50,000 invested in mortgages on public property, for the endowment of the bishopric, whenever the State chooses to appoint a bishop. Other church property belonging to the colony, amounts to about \$150,000.

From Erungalore, a missionary station in India, with twenty-four churches within its jurisdiction, the Rev. Mr. Heyne—the missionary—writes that there are numerous conversions from the Roman Catholic church, taking place.

The Rev. Mr. Sabin is a missionary of the English church in or near Pera, in Turkey. In a recent letter, urging the necessity of a speedy increase of zeal in the work, he says, that in a year or two, a great opening will be made for the conversion of the Turks. Their old exclusiveness, one chief bond which now binds them to Islamism, is fast dissolving. No Turk on the Bosphorus, could now be put to death for accepting the religion of Jesus Christ, if he claimed the protection of France or England. Neither, as heretofore, could any missionary who attempted to teach the Turks be driven out of the country. In accordance with the foregoing information, the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, unanimously resolved to send to Pera two chaplains for the benefit of English residents there. A fund for the erection of a church in Turkey, has been opened, with encouraging signs of success.

John Christian Jacobi, a converted Jew, has become a candidate for Holy Orders in the Diocese of Connecticut.

Quite recently, in Calvary Church, of this city, there was preached the annual sermon in aid of the "Church Orphans' Home," which is located at No. 74 Hammond street. The Rev. Dr. Price, rector of St. Stephen's Church, presided; the service was read by the Rev. Dr. Vinton, assistant-minister of Trinity Church; and the annual report was read by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, also assistant-minister of Trinity Church. The number of orphans in the Home was eighty. Sixty have been refused, mainly for want of room. The Home began the year with a balance in bank of \$633.38; received on annual subscriptions \$750.00; donations, (including \$943.75 from the State,) \$3,640.17; received for board of inmates, \$1,050; making the total income for the year, \$6,080.14. The sermon was preached by the Rev. S. Cook, rector of Bartholomew's Church, in this city; text, Job, 19: 21. "Have pity on me, O my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me." A collection of \$400 was made after the sermon.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

It is currently reported in many of the religious papers of the day, that the Sovereign of Madagascar has been converted to the Church of Rome, and has also driven all the Protestants away from the island.

At a late meeting of the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, called by the Primate of Ireland, to consider the question of Church Discipline and Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts, they determined to represent to the English government the importance of new and other arrangements; and also, that in conformity with the fifth article of the Act of Union, the United Church of England and Ireland should be dealt with as one Church. It is furthermore understood that the Irish bishops intend to communicate with the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, with a view to obtain the co-operation of the English Bench.

According to official reports published last year, the city of Paris, with a population of one million souls, has only 46 churches, or one church to every 21,900 inhabitants; besides this, they are most unequally divided. The 10th district of that city has 10 houses of worship for 114,000 inhabitants, or one to 11,400 souls; while the 4th district has only one to 45,900 souls! Compare this with our neighboring city, Brooklyn, which has very nearly one church to every thousand, or, at most, two thousand souls, and that, too, of course, without any aid whatever from the State or from the Government. It is said, however, by recent writers, that the attendance upon public worship in Paris is very great, compared with what it was fifty or even twenty years ago.

In an interesting article on Rancé's History of the Popes, the writer, supposed to be Macaulay, directs attention to the remarkable fact, that no Christian nations which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the sixteenth century, has ever adopted them: Roman Catholic communities, he says, have, since that time, become infidel and Roman again, but none have become Protestant.

In the third lecture of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster on the absorbing subject of the recent Concordat with Austria, delivered recently at St. Mary's, Moorfields, near London, his Eminence said, that Magna Charta, which was agreed to by and with the consent of the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Legate of the Holy See, and Pandolph, the Pope's Subdeacon and Counsellor, was in fact only a concordat. Here was the Holy See on one side represented by the Cardinal Archbishop, its Legate, and the King and his Barons on the other. Just as at Vienna, there had been on one side the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna and the Legate, and the Emperor and his Council on the other.

The first instance of a concordat, in France, was that between Pope Leo X. and Francis I. in 1516. In speaking of the mischief which had fallen upon the Roman Catholic Church under the despotic sway of the Emperor Joseph, his Eminence said that a catechism had been published at Vienna, for the use of the children of the State schools, which contained the following, in profane imitation of the Decalogue, viz.:

"Thou shalt not appear at processions with a feather in thy hat.
"Thou shalt not have religious assemblies in thine house.
"Thou shalt not keep any useless dogs, &c., &c."

Mr. D. Carroll, Treasurer of the Roman Catholic Asylum, acknowledges as the receipt of Christmas collections, from nineteen churches in New York, the sum of \$6,588 57.

On the evening of the 24th ult., Dr. L. S. Ives, formerly Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, North Carolina, lectured in the Tabernacle, in this city, before the St. Vincent de Paul's Society. His theme was, "The Poor in their Relation to Society."

The Most Rev. Patrick Carey, D.D., Archbishop of Edessa and Vicar Apostolic of Western Bengal, died at his residence, in Calcutta, in the early part of last November. A correspondent says:—We have lost a good man in Dr. Carey. He was held in high esteem by all classes, and his body was followed to the grave by thousands of every caste, color, and creed. We learn that he was a native of Waterford, in Ireland, was once a professor at Maynooth, and thence became Coadjutor Bishop to Dr. O'Connor in Madras. A few years afterwards he became Archbishop. In order to perpetuate the memory of the deceased prelate, it has been proposed by influential persons of all creeds to open a subscription list for the purpose of endowing the orphanages which he founded, and which may probably take his name.

The Rev. Peter Fredet, D.D., of Baltimore, recently died. For a number of years he had been connected with St. Mary's College, in that city, as Professor of History and other branches of study, in which he was eminently distinguished.

PRESBYTERIAN.

An English Missionary just returned from China, says he has been franked nearly the whole way by American ship-owners, on the simple statement that he was a Missionary. He sailed from Hong Kong to San Francisco, thence via the Isthmus of Panama to New York, and thence to England. The entire cost of this long trip, including charges at hotels, was less than \$75.

The Rev. Elijah W. Stoddard, formerly of Hawley, Wayne County, Pa., has received an unanimous call, and entered upon the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church at Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y.

The Glasgow Bible Society has recently given to the Chinese Evangelical Society, the handsome sum of \$2,500, for the purpose of publishing and distributing Gutslaff's version of the entire Bible in Chinese.

Mr. S. Brown, a Licentiate of the Central Mississippi Presbytery, was ordained by said Presbytery recently at Kosciusko. Mr. Brown has received and accepted a call from Hope Well Church, in Carroll County, Miss.

The project of Church Extension in Philadelphia, has succeeded beyond all expectation. The design is, to relieve several of the weaker churches in that city from debt, and to assist in carrying forward other religious enterprises within the bounds of the Philadelphia Presbytery. The sum of \$25,000 has been raised for these purposes within the last few days.

The Rev. John McElroy has been ordained and installed pastor of Ottawa Church, at a recent meeting of the Presbytery of Des Moines. The Rev. D. V. Snook preached the sermon; the Rev. S. C. McCure presided, and gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. G. M. Swan gave the charge to the people.

The Rev. J. M. Batchelder is preaching for the churches in Albion and Eddyville, Ill.

The Rev. Samuel H. Brown has been ordained by the Presbytery of Greenbrier, and installed pastor of the church of Frankfort, in Greenbrier county, Virginia.

The Rev. Hiram Elmer has been ordained and called to the church in Chelsea, Michigan. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Matter, of Ann Arbor, assisted by Rev. Messrs. John D. Pierce, John Pitcher, H. A. Read, and Asa Mahan.

The Rev. G. W. Kennedy, of Milford, Delaware, has been invited to the pastoral care of the Presbyterian churches in Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia.

Recently there was a meeting of the Presbytery of New York in Westminster Church, Twenty-second street, when the Rev. David Kennedy, formerly of Brownsville, Pa., was installed pastor of said church. The Rev. Mr. Davidson gave the charge to the pastor; the charge to the people was given by the Rev. Mr. Rankin, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Imbrie, of Jersey City.

MUSIC.

ESPEL'S CLASSICAL SERIES.—The third series of the sixth season was given, at Dodworth's Room, last Saturday evening. The programme was as follows:—
1. Quartet, No. 57. Messrs. Noll, Royer, Berger, and Eisfeld.
2. Vocal Quartet—"To the Absent One." Messrs. Noll, Royer, Berger, and Eisfeld.
3. Grand Trio, Op. 40. D Minor. Messrs. Noll, Royer, Berger, and Eisfeld.
4. Vocal Quartet—"Farwell." Messrs. Noll, Royer, Berger, and Eisfeld.
5. Grand Quartet, No. 10. E flat. Messrs. Noll, Royer, Berger, and Eisfeld.

It was with much pleasure that we greeted our old friend Haydn once again. For some time past his instrumental works have been banished from the concert-room. So many new men have arisen since his day whose works are recognized as illustrating the progress of the art, and novelty is so greatly in demand among our dilettantes, that the father of the quartette is voted old-fashioned, and most unceremoniously shelved. We are by no means worshippers of the old to the exclusion of the new, but we protest against the shelving of Father Haydn, because, despite all the new thoughts, novel effects and daring flights of modern writers, there is no music more genial and heartfelt, more spontaneous and natural than his. His themes are pure outbursts of melody that sing themselves in the heart and the brain; his harmonies always rich and appropriate, and his forms clear and appreciable, because he understood them himself, and as he never floundered beyond his depth, he had no occasion to resort to those mystic passages which are the safety-valves of too many of our modern writers who resort to them when true inspiration fails. In good sooth, their safety hangs upon the "mystic," the "undeveloped," for, as the dear Public cannot be expected to understand what the composer himself is doubtful of, they naturally consider it very deep, deep, truly profound! and so it is deep, profound humbug! Haydn, in his simplicity and singleness of purpose, springing from a pure and beautiful organization, and dead must be all the musical impulses of the heart when thy creations cannot move it to rapture!

Of the four movements of the Quartette, the *Andante Religioso* is the most lovely. It is grave, tender and prayer-breathing; full of that inspiration springing from a pure and chastened spirit. It gave the most unqualified satisfaction, and the audience would fain have had it repeated. The execution of the entire quartette was very admirable, altogether the most perfect specimen of quartette playing we have heard in New York. Mr. Noll deserves special commendation for his delicious execution of the trio.

The vocal quartettes composed by Mr. Eisfeld are very pleasing compositions, but were very poorly rendered by the gentlemen above named. We have heard much better singing of that class from less pretentious artists.

One of the most attractive features of the programme, was the appearance of Mrs. William Vincent Wallace. This lady has long been recognized as the only pianist of the gentle sex in the country, and in that capacity has received the warmest encomiums of the press. Distinguished as the wife of the eminent composer Wallace, she has a still higher distinction in her admirable talents. She is a great favorite with the public, and her appearance on this occasion met with a warm and very hearty greeting. The D minor trio by Mendelssohn abounds in difficulties as numerous as its beauties, and is a subject fit for the greatest pianists to grapple with. Mrs. Wallace was, evidently, not in full practice; this was not evidenced by any want of precision or correctness, but in a comparative weakness of her right hand, which was most apparent in the first movement. In the second she played with charming taste and expression; the scherzo was given with much spirit, and the last movement with force and brilliancy. In the two last movements Mrs. Wallace, excited by the occasion, gained her full powers and acquitted herself to the admiration of all receiving loud and well merited applause at the close of her performance. The distinguishing points of Mrs. Wallace's performance are an intelligent reading of her author, a fine, delicate yet powerful touch; rapid, clear and precise execution, just emphasis, marked phrasing, and general excellence of mechanism. We hope to hear Mrs. Wallace again during the present musical season, for it is unjust to herself and unjust to the public, to allow her powers to become "rusty"—a homely phrase—for want of use.

It was pleasant to watch the expression of her father's face, the esteemed and respected Dr. Stoepe, who, as he turned over the leaves for her, seemed proud of his child and his pupil.

The quartette by Beethoven, was well played, and gave unqualified satisfaction. The room was quite full. We must congratulate Mr. Eisfeld not only upon the taste he exhibits in the selection of his programme, but upon the excellence of its execution, and the success which seems to crown his efforts. He has rescued quartette music from partial oblivion, and has made it an established and welcome feature in our musical entertainments.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.—This eminent artist has given his third and fourth soirees at Dodworth's Room. The room was crowded on each occasion. The third programme contained much that we have already noticed, we shall therefore content ourselves with saying that his playing was in every way as great as on previous occasions, and elicited the like enthusiastic applause and determined encores. Gottschalk's popularity is daily increasing, and a dozen concerts more will certainly be demanded of him. We must not omit a word of praise for Mr. Joseph Burke's admirable rendering of Beethoven's sonata. His violin seemed instinct with soul-breathing melody, and his execution was all that could be desired.

Gottschalk's first concert in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, was as well attended and as successful as all his New York concerts have been. It will be repeated, we presume. The fourth soiree was of a peculiar nature, all the music being in the Spanish and Cuban style. We shall notice it in our next.

Mr. John A. Kyle's complimentary concert took place at the City Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, but too late to notice its results this week.

We believe that Wm. Mason and Carl Bergman's third matinee was given one day this week, but we are not informed of the fact.

OUR ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—Our Italian Opera Company is delighting the citizens of Boston. It is understood that they will revisit Philadelphia before they open here in March. How much do these and other cities owe to the enterprise and liberality of New Yorkers! They banquet off the luxury we import, and are indebted for all their refined amusements to the critical taste and liberal-handedness of New York citizens.

THE DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.—The production of Shakspeare's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing*, has attracted much attention and fine audiences at this Theatre during the present week. The cast comprised the best strength of the company. Mr. Jordan undertook the part of *Benedick*, and filled it very creditably. His conception was not Shakspearian certainly; it was too light, too frivolous. There was a want of manliness which is the characteristic of *Benedick*; but it was by no means an intellectual reading, or a striking delineation of the character.

Miss Laura Keene rendered *Beatrice* with infinite grace and spirit. She is eminently womanly in all she does, and, as a general remark, studies her author very faithfully. In *Beatrice*, however, we think she throws in too much of the coquette. *Beatrice* has a noble heart, full of generous and warm instincts. Her raillery is the overflowing of her wit, the superabundance of animal spirits, and her nature could not stoop to coquetry. It is a broad distinction, and one worthy of the consideration of Miss Keene. When she yields her heart to *Benedick*, she yields it unreservedly; and in her desire to revenge her cousin's wrongs, she is terribly in earnest. Miss Keene does not make these appear, and in this we think she errs. But as she reads the character, she renders it with exquisite grace and spirit.

Mr. Bass makes an error in emphasizing so marked a manner the mispronunciation placed in the mouth of *Dogberry*. He speaks them as though he was conscious of his error, whereas our real *Dogberry* is in blissful ignorance of all his faults, and would, in all probability, quarrel with any man who would dispute his cacology. It is bad taste to point out to the audience where to laugh.

Mr. Johnson as *Feryes* was really excellent. It was a quiet touch of nature worthy of all praise.

Mr. Dyot and Mr. Chandler were careful representatives of *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*, as were Mr. Wemyss and Mr. McDouall of *Leonato* and *Antonio*. Miss Ada Clifton's *Hero* was a quiet and lady-like performance.

The costumes of the principal characters were very rich and appropriate. The burlesque of *Midas* has been played here several times. The principal characters are borne by Miss Durand, Miss Reynolds, Miss Walters and Mrs. Carpenter, Messrs. H. Trevor, Lyster, and Johnston. Miss Durand made a list as *Aspido*. As a musical piece its performance will not bear criticism, but it seems to please a certain class which it attracts, and so the end of its production is attained.

BURTON'S THEATRE. The new comedian, Mr. H. A. Perry, engaged by Mr. Burton, has been most favorably received. He has a good person, an excellent carriage, a free and unembarrassed manner and a pleasant voice. His *Gossamer* is an excellent piece of acting, and the applause which greeted his efforts made him prove that they were well appreciated. As to his ability to fill the varied characters which his position at this theatre will entail on him, we cannot speak positively; but he promises well.

Shakspeare's play of the *Winter's Tale* is to be produced here with a very strong cast: as this must be considered a Shakspearian event, one in which Mr. Burton would take a deep interest as to its perfect production, we shall speak of it at length in our next. There is no one of our managers so thoroughly read up in all that relates to the works of the great Bard, so that we look forward with much expectation to the production of any Shakspearian piece with which he is connected.

WALLACE'S THEATRE. The favorite Comedy of *Speed the Plow*, has been reproduced at this theatre. It was always a favorite at this house, and it has lost none of its attractiveness. Mr. Lewis as *Young Hardy* is the perfection of a fast young man; his dancing is admirable, causing genuine outbursts of laughter, while his bearing and demeanor are unmistakably those of a gentleman, in whatever position he may be placed. This character is one of Mr. Lester's specialties.

Mr. Harry Placide's *Sir Abel Handy* is a careful and studied piece of acting, but it is too cold, too methodical; it lacks geniality and impulse. *Sir Abel* is one of those generous, whole-souled men, incapable of close calculation; quick, hasty, never constant to one thought, while enthusiastic on all; impulsiveness is, necessarily, a striking characteristic. Mr. Placide does not convey such an impression, and, to our thinking, the chief charm of the picture was wanting.

Mr. Holland's *Farmer Ashford* was a master-piece of acting; quiet, natural, hearty without boisterousness, and earnest without bombast, he was the veritable Ashford of the author. We cannot praise his delineation of this character

too warmly, for it deserves all praise, and was keenly appreciated by the critical audience present. Mrs. Vernon was equally admirable; we could not wish that she should change one look or gesture. She is of the true old stock of whom to speak is to praise.

Miss Gannon was charmingly natural, as she always is. With such a Susan, no one could blame Bob Handy for his choice. The other characters were ably sustained by Messrs. Norton, Phillips, Mrs. Conover, and others.

The *Barack Room*, the *Village Doctor*, and other comediettas have also been performed with much success during the week.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The two great show-pieces, *King Charming* and the *Sea of Ice* have been withdrawn, in order to produce the *Iron Mask*, a drama in which Mr. J. W. Wallack performs the principal part. Mr. Wallack made his first appearance, since his return from Europe, at the Broadway Theatre, on Monday last. He was very cordially greeted, and made a very favorable impression. The piece is a very interesting drama upon an old subject. We have not space to detail the plot; it will be best understood by visiting the Theatre. Mr. Wallack has a difficult and arduous part to sustain, ranging through a long term of years; from free and happy boyhood, through vicissitudes of every kind until we find him imprisoned, pent up in the *Iron Mask*; then once more free, united with his long-parted love, and leaving his native country for the land of promise in the West.

It is but just to say that Mr. Wallack sustained himself with admirable tact and great artistic skill. He was natural in every phase of the character; impassioned and earnest while restraining himself within the bounds of probability. He was supported passably well, but in no respect that demands particular notice.

The piece has been performed during the week to good houses.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Mr. Niblo wisely concludes that while the public continues to crowd to see pieces two or three weeks old, any change in the programme is unnecessary. He finds that good things do not lose their flavor after the first taste. Things well done and suited to the sentiment of the public, never fail to attain the desired end. We have, therefore, no novelty at this establishment to chronicle this week, but simply to say that *La Fite Champetre*, *Jocita*, *Kim-Ka*, and the wonderful tight-rope dancing attract full and delighted audiences every night.

THE PANORAMA OF CHINA AND JAPAN.—This new candidate for public favor is in every way worthy of extensive patronage. The entertainment, indeed, consists of two panoramas; the first contains some twenty or thirty views in the interior of China, illustrating, besides the scenery, their costumes, manners, religious ceremonies, festivals, and a thousand points of strong and peculiar interest, pictured in a vivid and life-like manner with a free pencil and an observing eye. The second series consists of a like number of views in Japan, depicting in its department all the curious facts and incidents which fell under the observation of the artist, who took the sketches on the several spots, he having been attached to the suite of Commodore Perry in his late mission to Japan.

There is much romance connected with the manner in which the views in China were obtained. Mr. George R. West, the artist, and an admirable artist he was, was attached some seven years ago to the suite of Mr. Cushing, the U. S. minister to China. While in this connection he had extensive means of observation, but there was still much restraint in his semi-official position. He felt that there was much to be seen most worthy of recording, which he could never reach while he was thus circumstanced. He, therefore, determined to abandon himself to fate, and quitting the party, he assumed the Chinese costume, and feigning to be deaf and dumb, commenced his pilgrimage. In this manner, in constant danger of detection and punishment, sustained alone by his artistic enthusiasm, the largest portion of his valuable and striking sketches were obtained. He travelled extensively through the country, and visited places where in all probability no outside barbarian ever before penetrated. We need not suggest to our readers the living interest which attaches to all matter so obtained; the startling romance throws a *couleur de rose* over the matter-of-fact reality.

Of the execution of the panoramas we can speak in terms of most unqualified praise. The marked character of the scenes depicted, is thrown upon the canvass with a startling fidelity and a life-like reality which could only have resulted from the personal observation of the principal executants. The coloring is admirable, and the pictures are well contrasted. The artists, Mr. G. R. West and Mr. Wm. Heine, have been most ably assisted by two of our best and boldest sketchers and colorists, J. Kyle and J. H. Dallas, and their combined efforts have produced a complete success.

The panorama is exhibited nightly at the commodious hall, 663 Broadway, where we advise all lovers of scenic excellence, and all who are curious about China and Japan, to pay it a visit.

PANORAMA OF THE TOUR OF EUROPE.—Smith's Panorama of the Tour of Europe, continues its career of marked and singular success. It contains so many features of interest both for those who have travelled and those who have not, that its attractive powers would seem to be exhaustless. Its striking delineation of Sebastopol and the thrilling drama connected with it, is alone well worth a visit. Want of space prevents us this week from speaking of it at more length.

WHEN Bachelor Brown, at fifty-five, married his plain cook, is it the opinion of the unbiased reader that he made a virtue of necessity?

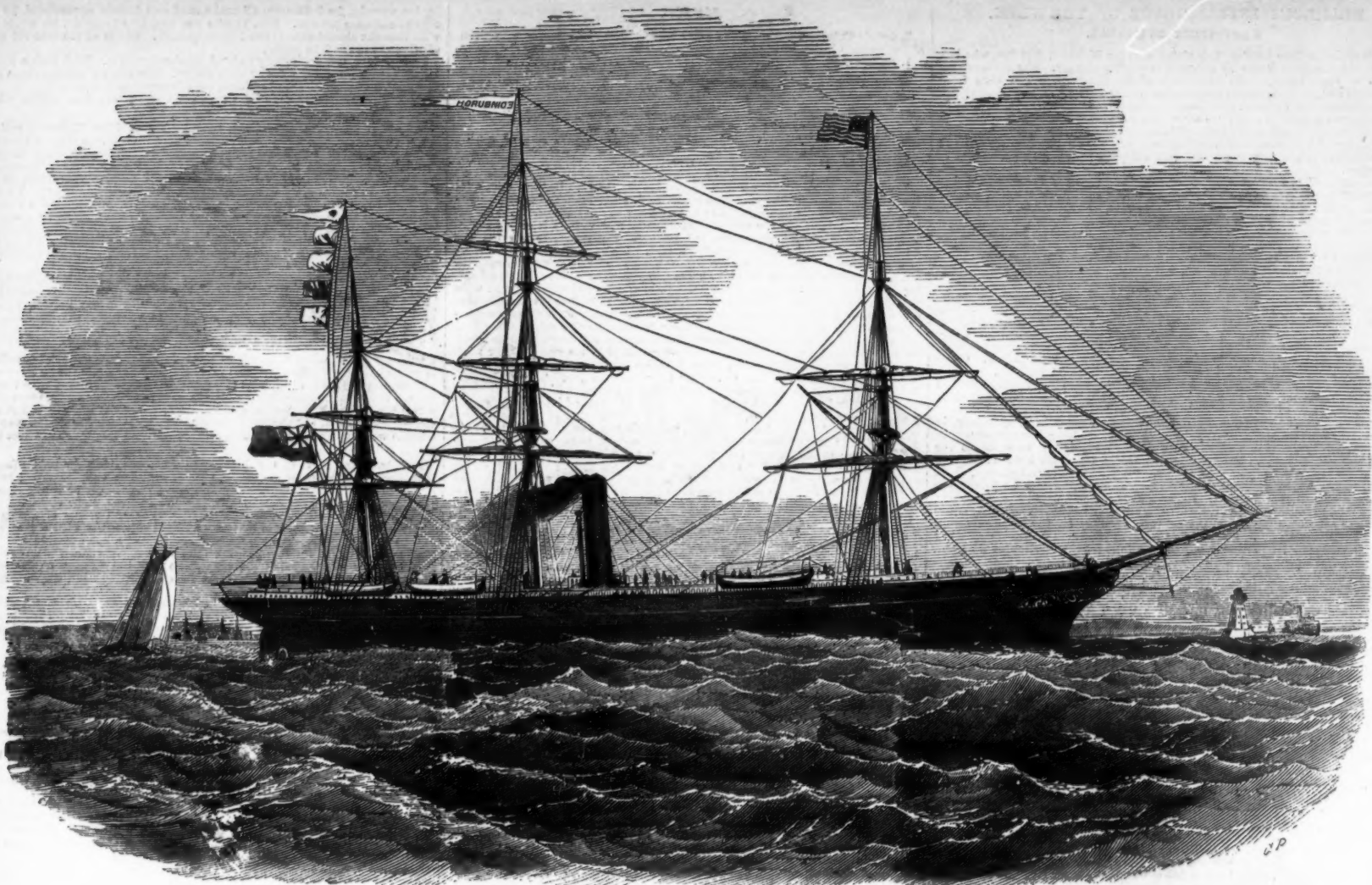
THE BLINDNESS OF FORTUNE.—It is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she showers her most precious gifts, the sight would so annoy her that she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

SAD AFFAIR.—TWO LOVERS BURNED TO DEATH.—A fire broke out in the dwelling-house of Mr. Richmond, Prince Albert, C. W., on Saturday morning, which was attended with a melancholy loss of life. The flames had enveloped the entire building before the inmates, who were all in bed, became aware of the fact, and terror-stricken each, on awakening, rushed from the fury of the flames. When it was discovered that one of the daughters remained in the house, a young man named Foley, who had stopped at Mr. Richmond's that night, dashed through the flames to rescue the sleeping girl; but, painful to relate, neither came out alive, both having met a frightful death in the destructive conflagration. Daylight presented a frightful spectacle to the agonizing sight of the afflicted family, the charred trunks of two human beings with the bones protruding through the blackened flesh, being the only remains of those who but a few hours enjoyed health and happiness among them, without a thought on the fate which awaited them so near. The circumstances are rendered still more distressing by the fact that the young couple who thus met an untimely end, were engaged to be married the ensuing week. The fire occurred through carelessness in throwing some burning ashes into a barrel in the back part of the house.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES AND LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY IN CANADA.—The Toronto *Globe* of Wednesday says that the flour mill of Mr. McIntosh of the village of Ancaster, was destroyed by fire early on the morning of Saturday last. Some 10,000 or 12,000 bushels of wheat, together with a large lot of flour, were lost, on which there was no insurance. The following account of a fire and melancholy loss of life in Reach is from an extra of the Ontario *Reporter*, dated Monday:—"A fire broke out in the dwelling-house of Mr. Richmond, Prince Albert, on Saturday morning, which, we are sorry to record, was attended with a melancholy loss of life. The flames had enveloped the entire building before the inmates, who were all in bed, became aware of the fact; and the terror-stricken each, on awakening, rushed from the fury of the flames, with the instinct of self-preservation. When it was discovered that one of the daughters yet remained in the house, a young man named Foley, who had stopped at Mr. Richmond's that night, dashed through the flames to rescue the sleeping girl; but, painful to relate, neither came out alive, both having met a frightful death in the destructive conflagration. Daylight presented a frightful spectacle to the agonizing sight of the afflicted family, the charred trunks of two human beings, with the bones protruding through the blackened flesh, being the only remains of those who but a few hours before enjoyed health and happiness among them, without a thought of the death which awaited them. The circumstances are rendered still more distressing by the fact that the young couple who thus met an untimely end were engaged to be married the ensuing week, it is said. The fire, we are told, occurred through carelessness in throwing some burning ashes into a barrel in the back part of the house."

PUBLIC SCHOOL, (No. 48,) TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

This fine school-house (which cost \$55,000) was contracted for in June, 1824, and commenced and nearly completed during that year, Judge Waterbury being chairman of the building committee. It was intended to open the school early in the year 1855, but owing to a combination of circumstances, a delay of nearly a year has taken place. The building was officially opened as a school-house on Thursday, Jan. 29th. The services commenced at 2 o'clock. Long before the appointed hour, the rooms were crowded to their utmost capacity, commissioner Boltin M. Fowler, chairman of the Twentieth Ward local board, acting as presiding officer. The attendance consisted of a class of girls from the Thirty-fifth-street School; (No. 33,) parents of children who are hereafter to attend the new school, city teachers, friends of education generally, and several distinguished strangers. An opening prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Rankin. Music followed. Then Mr. Andrew H. Greene, the new president of the Board of Education, delivered a very happy address upon the progressive history of the schools of New York, starting with the first teacher of the first public school in the city, and reproducing several very curious records of his own and immediate successors' quaint experience. Dr. Frank Tutwill, of the *Daily Times*, Rev. Mr. Rankins, Col. T. B. Thorpe, Rev. Dr. Burchard, Judge Beebe, Superintendents Bulkley of Brooklyn and Randall of New York, Mr. Farnham, Commissioner Shanon, of the Twenty-second ward, and B. M. Fowler, made short and appropriate addresses, which were in turn enlivened by excellent music. This was furnished by the class of young ladies in fine style, led and assisted by Mr. Coburn and Mr. Nash on the piano. The entire proceedings passed off harmoniously, and seemed to greatly gratify the large audience assembled. Every public school established gives us additional security that our country is safe.



GLASGOW AND NEW YORK LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.—ARRIVAL OF THE EDINBURGH.

DESCRIPTION OF SCHOOL HOUSE No. 48.

The grounds are 100 by 110 feet, and it is designed to enlarge them fifteen feet on each side if the adjoining property can be obtained. The building is lofty and imposing in its external appearance. Furnaces and heating apparatus have been carefully built and put up with reference to the risks that grow out of their hasty construction. They were furnished from the "Novelty Works." The play grounds occupy the entire area, with the exception of a small space on the front, devoted to a series of rooms—a trustee's room, a library room, a teachers' reception room, and a couple on the northeast corner for the janitor's family. The play grounds are flagged, and special provision is made for the primary children. It struck us that doors, hung within the piers on which the house stands, to shut out the snow and rain from the play grounds in bad weather, would be an improvement. There are four substantial hydrants within the walls of the building, and the stairways and approaches are made very

the rear, furnished with settees, which will seat 70 pupils each. The front part of the main room is furnished with chairs and desks for writing, drawing, and similar exercises, and will seat 140 pupils, or a total of 440. The whole arrangement in this department is excellent, and presents a pleasing and elegant effect.

The Boys' Department has six class rooms, furnished with desks and chairs, on the upper floor. The capacity of the class rooms is as follows:—Two will seat 40, two 30, and two 46 pupils each. The main room is furnished with 80 settees, and will seat 8 pupils each, or 650 to 700 in all. There is one room used for supplies, as there are no large bookcases in this department. There is another similar room, which is fitted up with drawing desks for the use of both the Boys' and Girls' Grammar Schools. All the class rooms in each department are arranged with gas. Also the main rooms, &c. The main room in the boys' school is designed for the assemblage of both departments together when desirable, also for lectures to the Evening Schools.

There are pianos in both Grammar Schools, and there is to be one in the Primary immediately.

There are bells, whistles and speaking tubes connecting with each department and to the Janitor's quarters. The class rooms and gallery will seat altogether 1,600 pupils, and the main room nearly 1,000. The rooms unitedly accommodating 2,600.

There are registered, to the present time, in the Boys' Grammar School, 200 pupils; in the Girls' Grammar School 200, and in the Primary 350 pupils, and the school promises to fill up rapidly. The following is the list of teachers appointed in the different departments:—

Male Department.—J. H. Partridge, Principal, assisted by Edwin Spafard, Dayton W. Searle, Wm. M. Adams, Patrick Kiernan, James A. Tracy.

Female Department.—Isabella Hill, Henrietta Dutch, Martha E. Johnson, Emma L. Thompson, Amanda Edmonds, Mary Ann Conover, Caroline Kopper.

Primary Department.—Eliza A. Ebbets, C. A. Pier, Eliza M. Dyke, Frances A. Lincoln, Martinje B. Roome, Rosalia Blum, Emily Agar.

BOLTIS M. FOWLER, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF SCHOOL OFFICERS.

FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

Mr. FOWLER, whose portrait we give in connection with the inauguration of Public School No. 48, represents a class of citizens who may be said with propriety to be the back-bone of the republic, men who quietly pursue some profitable business, and devote their leisure time and surplus money not to politics and amusement, but to the support of useful benevolent institutions. Mr. Fowler has always distinguished himself among his friends for his zeal in behalf of our noble public school system, and that he came legitimately by the spirit will be admitted, when it is known, that his mother, Mrs. Sarah Fowler, is the oldest private teacher in America, and although above the necessity of business occupation, still clings, after thirty years of toil, to her favorite pursuit of imparting moral and intellectual training to our youth. Mr. Fowler, beside the cordial support he has given to our schools, has distinguished himself by his active support of the Tract Society, Colored Home, Orphan Asylum, and every possible plan for the amelioration of the poor.

STEAMSHIP EDINBURGH.

The steamship Edinburgh belongs to the Glasgow and New York Steam Shipping Company. The steamers of this company have for a considerable time past been in the employ of the French government. The arrival of the Edinburgh at our port re-opens the direct trade between Glasgow and New York. Her burthen is twenty-four hundred tons; length three hundred feet. She is propelled by a pair of engines of four hundred and sixty horse power. Her internal fittings are elegant and tasteful, and accommodation is afforded for one hundred first-class, and four hundred second-class passengers. The launching of this magnificent ship created a great deal of enthusiasm in Glasgow, which was cordially responded to, when she arrived at our port. Capt. Cumming, late commander of the Glasgow, has been appointed to the Edinburgh, he is one of the most able and popular officers in the service of the company.



B. M. FOWLER, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF SCHOOL OFFICERS.

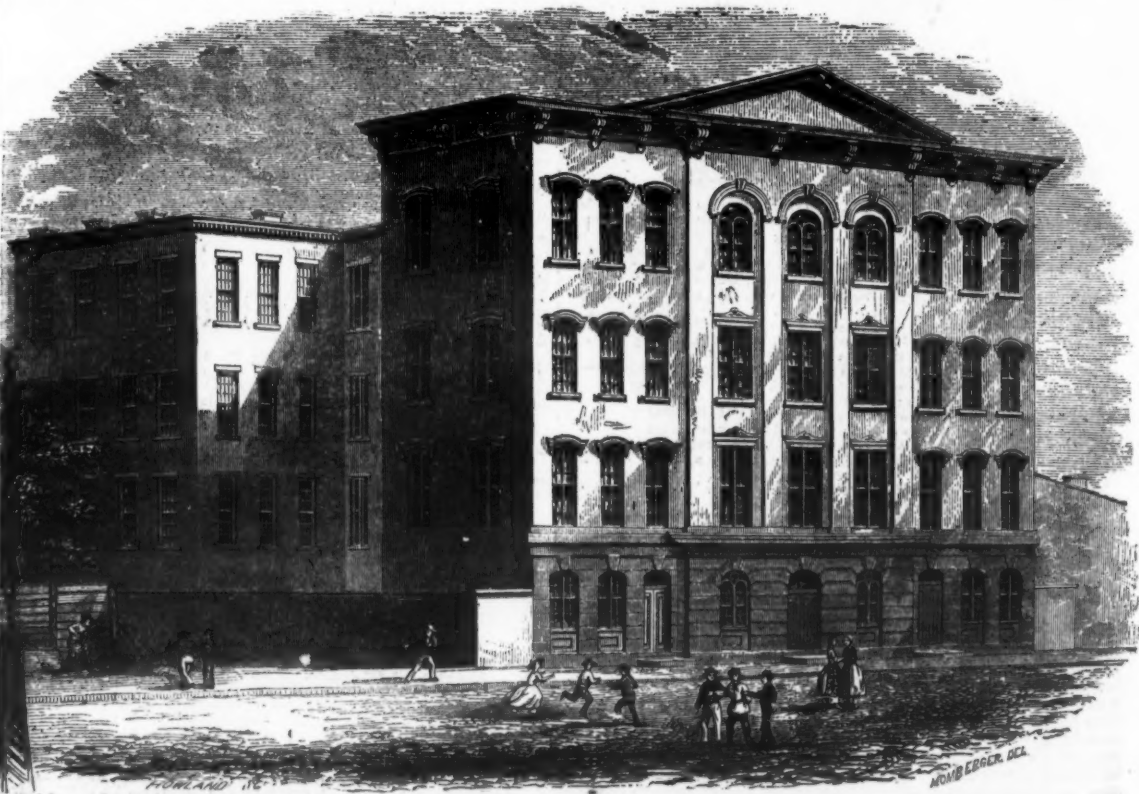
FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

convenient and safe in all respects. The general plan of the structure is somewhat different from that of any other house yet erected. It was well considered by the architect, Mr. Jackson, and reflects much credit upon his professional taste and skill.

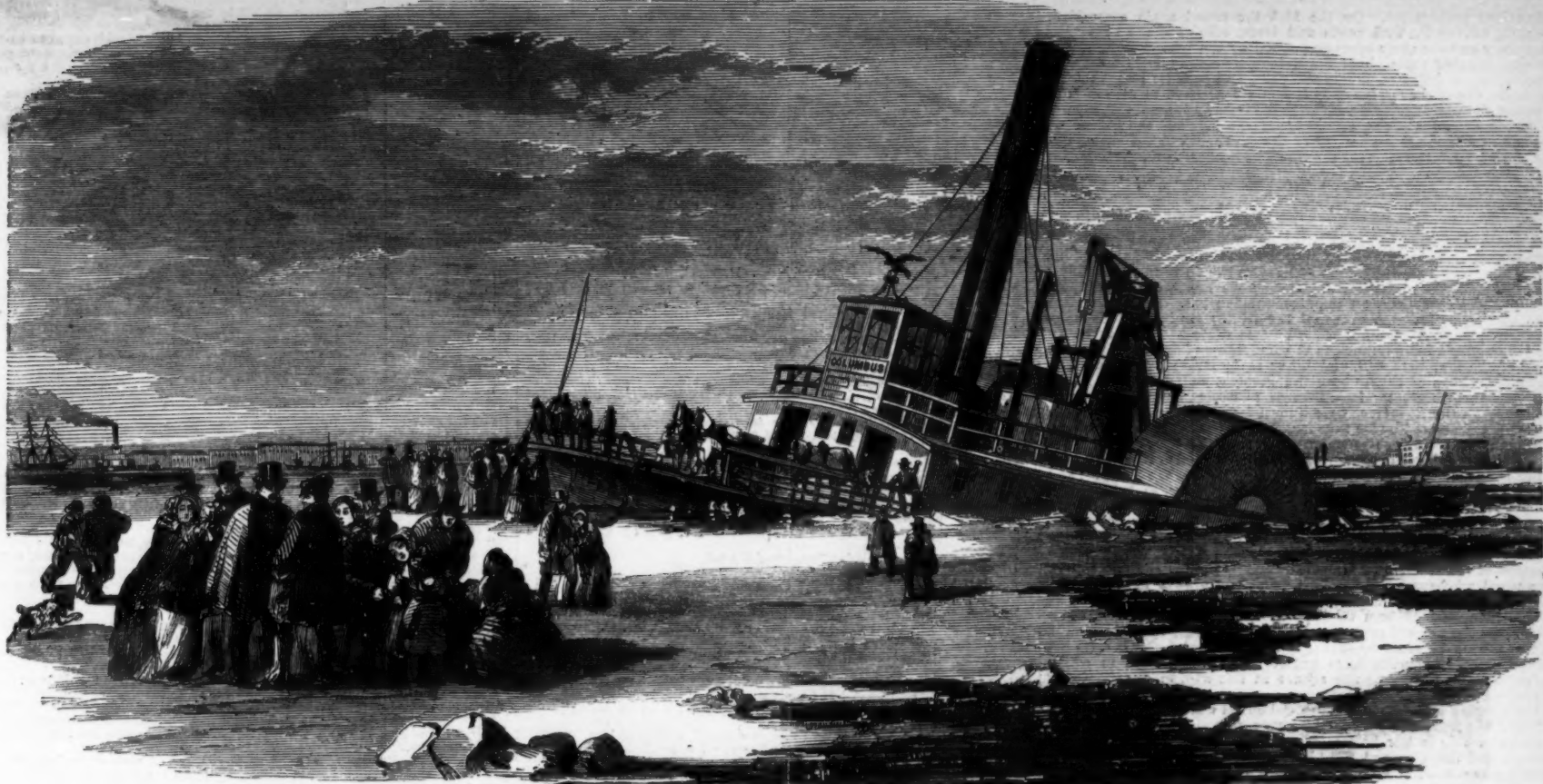
The Primary Department occupies the first floor above the ground, about eight feet, and has eight class rooms, which seat 634, distributed as follows:—two seat 45 each; two seat 68 each; two seat 62 each; two seat 77 each.

The main room is divided by sliding doors; the front part (furnished with chairs and desks) will seat 123 pupils. The rear is occupied by a gallery, which will seat 240. The furniture is very substantial, of a good pattern, and presents a very neat and tasteful appearance. There are bookcases and closets in all the class rooms, and the main rooms of the Primary and Girls' Departments for clothing and other departmental purposes.

In the Girls' Department there are eight class rooms, two of which seat 39 pupils; two 60; two 55, and two 66 each. The rooms are seated with settees, as is the usual method in our new schools. The main room is divided by sliding doors—forming two class rooms in



OPENING OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 48, IN 28TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.



SINKING OF THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY BOAT "COLUMBUS," NEW YORK HARBOR.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



SCENE IN WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON—FLOWING UP THE SNOW.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

HON. ROBERT TOOMBS.

MR. TOOMBS ranks deservedly as a leader in the United States Senate. Representing as he does, the most flourishing commonwealth of the South, his political position, independent of his talents, entitles him to consideration. In the unhappy, but seemingly unavoidable discussion of slavery, the people of Boston have set the example of inviting the most prominent advocates of the Slavery Question to lecture in their midst.

The utility of the movement we very much doubt. Among the Southern men who were invited, none accepted the challenge with



ROBERT TOOMBS OF GEORGIA, U. S. SENATOR.
FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

more promptness than Senator Toombs, and, according to appointment, he gave his promised lecture on Thursday evening, January 25th, at the Tremont Temple, Boston. As might have been expected, the lecture room was crowded to excess, a large majority of the audience were honestly disposed to give the honorable speaker a fair hearing; those who anticipated a disturbance, and such persons were present, being disappointed. Mr. Toombs, with that happy self-possession that characterizes Southern orators, at the commencement of his remarks, alluded to the fact that most of the sentiments he should advance would probably be opposed to the convictions of most of those present, yet what he had to say would be expressed with all respect and deference to the opinions of others, but with

firmness and sincerity. He then went into a defence of the peculiar institution, treating of it in a political, social, and moral point of view, and throughout was listened to with undivided attention. At the conclusion of the lecture, three cheers—qualified of course—were given for the Senator; and, as far as could be judged from the expressions heard in the crowd while leaving the hall, there was a general expression of approbation towards Mr. Toombs, not of his opinions, but of his candor and bearing.

BURNING OF EFFIGIES AT ST. JOHNS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

GREAT excitement exists in some parts of the British provinces, regarding the passage of the Maine Law and the sanction of it by the Queen. Our illustration, drawn on the spot by one of our artistic correspondents, gives a vivid idea of the scene, growing out of the attempt to force the prohibitory law. The law came into action at the commencement of the year; one seizure was made and the trial came on. After a great deal of excitement the case was dismissed. To express their delight, on the 10th of January, at night, the opponents of the law marched through the streets of St. John's, cheering and shouting, and in some instances, attacking the witnesses in the



MAINE LAVER LAW—BURNING EFFIGIES OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AT ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK.

obnoxious prosecution. On the 15th the crowd again assembled, bearing among it, with scoffs and jeers, effigies of the Provincial Secretary and the three witnesses called by the prosecution. After having paraded them about for a long time and loaded them with execrations and abuses, shouts and yells, and tumults impossible to describe, the effigies were set on fire and consumed to ashes. The avowed friends of temperance kept away, so that no disturbance occurred except a slight one between the mob and the police. It was evident that a large number of the most substantial citizens of St. John's sympathized with the riotous demonstration.

SINKING OF STEAM FERRY BOAT COLUMBUS.

THE month of January, 1856, will long be known in those interesting annals, almanacs, as the "snowy month," as it has afforded more continuous sleighing than has before been known to our oldest inhabitants. For over three weeks we have had an uninterrupted glingling of sleigh bells, an unprecedented event. The East river has been remarkable throughout the winter for its abundance of floating ice, which at times caused a foot route between Brooklyn and Governor's Island, much to the happiness of the boys, who are fond of skating, base ball, and other invigorating exercises. The ferry boats have of course been the greatest sufferers, for it is understood that no greater impediments to navigation in the harbor and through the East river were known for several years past than have been presented by ice thus far, during the present winter season, and yet it is not so much on account of the severity and durability of the cold, as the changes of temperature which have occurred, causing the ice that is formed in the fresh water of the Hudson, and in the bays and other shoal parts of the East river, to break loose and drift in the channels towards the ocean. In such cases, before passing out through the Narrows, these broken masses are sometimes backed up and collected together by adverse winds, when a night of severe cold is sufficient to form, for the time, in the narrow rapids of the river an impassable barrier to most of the steamers of the usual construction. Ice thus formed is always more difficult for a vessel of any description to pass through than such as may be of an equal but uniform thickness, for, instead of breaking it in a direct course, she will more readily follow the space between the old pieces, which is made by breaking the newer and thinner ice between them. Instances have but recently been known in which large steamers have been run ashore in this way, in the vicinity of Throg's Point and Riker's Island.

On Monday morning last as the Columbus was making the eleven o'clock trip from Staten Island to this city, she sprung a leak or knocked a hole in her bottom, about half way between Governor's Island and the city, and sank. There were many passengers on board at the time, including a number of ladies. All hastened to jump over the side upon the ice, and the only passenger left in a few moments was a poor lame horse, who was still on board and calmly awaiting his fate when we left. The human creatures fortunately found the ice generally strong enough to bear them, and walked on it for some distance, in the hope that the agents of the Ferry Company, who saw their distress, would send to their relief. The passengers remained where they were on the ice, the ladies shivering and much frightened, until the shouts of the men stimulated the enterprise of the boatman along shore, who rowed out and rescued them, at the moderate price of two shillings ahead. The general remark was when the Columbus went down, that it was a righteous judgment on the company. Some wondered why the Mayor did not interfere and prevent them running such boats. The Columbus was always said by the agents to be the strongest boat in their line. People who intend to go to Staten Island may therefore form some opinion of the security afforded by the others: as, if the accident had happened a quarter of an hour before, it is probable that not a soul on board the Columbus would have escaped.

SCENE IN WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

WASHINGTON street, Boston, owing to the immense quantity of snow lying upon the pavements became nearly unpassable, the snow becoming full of hills and hollows. To remove it, four stout horses were attached to a subsoil or lifting plow, which was run under the hard-packed snow, breaking it up in great cakes that could be removed, or broken in small pieces and leveled down, so as to make the street passable. Upon this hint let our Street Commissioner act to remove some of the dangerous knobs and holes in Broadway.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER IV.

The fear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.—SCOTT.

NICHOLAS PIM was engaged at an early hour the following morning at his usual occupation in Crowhall churchyard; his pupil, little Dick, seated on a tombstone near him, was watching him at his work. There was an unusual expression of seriousness on the features of the child, which did not escape the notice of the old man. The simple wreath of buttercups and cowslips which he had gathered in the fields hung listlessly in his hand; and when his companions, Martha's nurse children, who had been chasing each other round the graves with shouts of laughter, called to him to come and play with them, he merely shook his head and threw them the flowers.

"Why, what be the matter with thee, Dick?" said the sexton. "Thee beest as dull as a parish funeral. Is it the great bell that frights thee? It be tolling for poor Sir Harry."

"Is he dead?" asked the boy, inquisitively.

"Ay, and more's the pity, for he was a good gentleman, and kind to the poor; they will miss him sorely."

"Then why did he die?" replied the child, "Do only the good die?"

"Good and bad, Dick, all must go alike."

"Then Amen Corner will die one day," observed the little fellow, in a tone of satisfaction; "I am glad of that."

"Why, what has the clerk done to thee?" demanded Nicholas, with surprise.

"I hate him."

"Thee must not hate any one," observed the old man, seriously.

"But I will hate him!" exclaimed the boy, passionately. "Why does he come to our house and sit for hours a-talking to mother?"—the name he always addressed and spoke of his nurse by—"and why does she send me into the fields to play when he comes? I won't go the next time," he added with as air of determination.

"Thee mustn't be obstinate," said the sexton.

"I will be obstinate! What does he come for?"

"Most likely because he has something to say to Martha," was the reply.

"And why an I sent away?"

"Because they don't want you to hear it," answered Pim, who was perfectly aware of the courtship that for some time past had been carried on between the parties. "Thee knowest she has a brother in foreign parts; perhaps he brings her news of him."

"If it be only that," exclaimed Dick, his countenance suddenly brightening, "I don't mind that."

"It must be that," said his aged friend, anxious to avoid entering further into a matter which the boy was too young to comprehend. "Never mind the lesson to-day, but let me see thee at play with thy companions, and hear thee merry laugh again; it will do me good, for I have sad thoughts," he added, "and need something to cheer me."

"I will stay with you, then," replied his pupil.

"No, Dick—no, I would rather see thee play."

The child leapt from the tombstone, and, running to the old man, whose tall figure was half buried in the grave he had been digging, threw his arms round his neck and nestled his rosy cheeks for an instant against his face, then bounded off to join his companions, who were playing a game of thread the garter in front of the south porch.

Nicholas gazed after him for several minutes in silence.

"I do love that boy," he said, as he resumed his occupation; "there is something so frank, so good about him. I hope the world won't spoil him. Heaven help him," he added, with a sigh, "if ever Martha be fool enough to marry Amen Corner."

The words had scarcely escaped his lips when the last-mentioned personage entered the churchyard. He was accompanied by the stranger who had lodged the preceding night at the Rising Sun. But as he no longer wore his horseman's cloak and slouched hat, the sexton did not recognize him.

"Give me the keys, Nicholas," said the parish clerk in a tone of authority; "this gentleman wishes to see the church and the monuments."

The old man disengaged the keys from the leather belt which he wore over his waistcoat, and handed them to him without a word.

"Have you those of the vaults?" demanded Amen Corner.

The sexton nodded in the affirmative.

"I shall want them, too," added the speaker.

"I cannot let you have them," answered Pim, meekly.

"Not let me have them?" repeated the clerk, with a look of astonishment.

"Am I dreaming, or have you been drinking this morning?"

"Neither," said the sexton.

"Give them to me instantly!" exclaimed Amen Corner, his face darkened with a malicious scowl.

"Perhaps," observed the gentleman, for the first time breaking silence, "Master Nicholas—if that is his name—considers that it is his perquisite to show the vaults."

"His perquisite, indeed!" ejaculated the clerk, indignantly.

"If so," continued the speaker, "his scruples shall be satisfied."

The stranger drew from his pocket several pieces of silver and offered them to Pim, who for the first time looked up into his features, and the idea struck him that he had seen him before. It was a sort of dim floating recollection, for he could neither recall where or when.

"It is not the money, sir," he said, respectfully; "but the rector has desired me not to give them up."

"Stupid fellow!" muttered the clerk, impatiently; "Dr. Gore meant that you were not to let any stranger have them. Of course he never intended such an order to apply to me."

"If I am wrong," observed Nicholas, with unaffected simplicity, "the rector can easily set me right. 'I hope,' he added, 'that you will bear no malice against me for doing my duty.'"

Seeing Amen Corner in dispute with his old friend, Dick quitted his playmates. He had a stick in his hand, and, young as he was, his dark eyes sparkled menacingly.

"Obstinate fool!" exclaimed the clerk, seizing Pim by the collar; "give me the keys instantly, or I'll shake the life out of you. I'll—"

His menaces were cut short by two or three blows upon his shins, dealt by Dick with such hearty good-will, that they caused him to release his grasp and dance with pain and rage. No sooner did he recognise his assailant than he caught up a mattock, and in his fury would doubtless have inflicted some severe injury on the gallant little fellow, had not his companion restrained him.

"No violence," said the latter, in a tone of command. "I can see the vaults some other time; doubtless, I shall find sufficient to interest me in the church for one visit."

"The brat—the dare-devil!" muttered Amen Corner, scowling fearfully at Dick. "I'll wring his neck!"

"No violence," repeated the gentleman. "Why make a quarrel for such a trifle?"

"Trifle!" repeated the clerk, rubbing his shins.

"Come here, my little man," said the stranger, pleased at the boy's courage.

"I'd rather stay by Nicholas," answered the lad.

"Tell me your name,"

"Dick."

"Dick what?"

The child looked round in the face of his friend, the sexton, as if to ask him what answer he should make; but the old man was as ignorant as himself upon the subject.

"I have no other name," replied our hero. "I suppose I am not old enough. Matthew, Annie, Jack, and Nicholas all call me Dick. Every one calls me Dick," he added, "except Amen Corner, and he calls me brat—though I don't know what it means, and I don't much care."

The stranger threw him half-a-crown; the boy eyed it for an instant, then turned his head aside.

"Do you see what the gentleman has given you?" whispered Pim.

"I don't want his money," said Dick, firmly; "I won't have his money."

"Why not, my fine fellow?" replied the boy, at the same time pointing to Amen Corner, who still continued to rub his legs with a piteous air, for the blows had been severe ones.

The last-named personage said something in an under tone to his companion, and they both walked towards the church.

"Thank, goodness, he be gone," observed the sexton. "Poor Dick," he added, turning to his young favorite, "thee has made a bitter enemy, I fear."

"I don't care," replied the boy; "I could not see him beat you."

Whilst they were still conversing about the matter, Nan Willis joined them, and Pim, who had a great opinion of her discernment, related all that had taken place to her.

"Amen Corner is not the only fool," she observed, in the tone of a person who felt very much annoyed, though why she should be so the old man could not guess; "and would that were the worst that could be said of him."

For several minutes she remained leaning on her stick, rocking her self to and fro—not an unusual habit, when anything occurred which she could not clearly comprehend.

"Can't make it out," she muttered; "can't make it out. After so many years, too; and just at this time."

"Can't make what out, Nan?" demanded the sexton.

"Why the rector should have forbidden you to give up the keys of the vault to Amen Corner."

"He never mentioned his name," exclaimed Nicholas.

"No?"

"No; the order was a general one."

"That makes it more singular," observed the woman.

"Not in the least, Nan, and I wonder that a person of your experience and knowledge should not at once have guessed the reason. You know that the plates and handles on the coffins in the vault of the Herberts are all of silver; and people do say that Lady Mirkred was buried in her jewels and wedding dress—a strange fancy, if true. Now there will be a number of workmen from Newark, to hang the church with black, and conduct poor Sir Harry's funeral, and that's the reason."

"Possibly!" possibly!" said Nan. "Where is Amen Corner?"

"In the church with a strange gentleman."

The little old woman muttered something which sounded very like the word fool; but, as Pim was rather deaf, he fancied he must be mistaken.

"Do you wish to see him?" he said.

"Wish to see him?" repeated Nan; "no. Why should I do so? With my own good will I would neither exchange words with him nor ever set eyes on him again."

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed Dick, running to her and taking her withered hand in his.

"Glad of what, child?" demanded the old woman, sharply.

"That you don't like Amen Corner. There is a fine gentleman with him," added the boy, "who offered me money, but I would not take it."

"And why not?"

"Because he is a friend of Amen Corner's."

"Dick! Dick! it be wrong—very wrong," said friend Nicholas, "to hate any one so bitterly, and without a cause."

The boy can't help it," replied Nan; "it is his instinct—his nature; so it's no use your preaching to him."

"But he is so young," observed the sexton.

"We are never too young or too old to hate," exclaimed the woman. "I have seen it born, as it were, in the cradle; grow with the growth of the young heart in which it entered, and survive there after the memory of love and friendship has withered."

"Thine must be a sad tale, Nan," said Pim, "to have such thoughts."

The remarkable looking being to whom this observation was addressed regarded the speaker with one of her peculiar glances, then broke into a low hissing laugh, as if amused at the idea of any one attempting to draw her secret from her; though to do him justice, nothing had been further from the old man's thoughts.

"You were at the Hall last night," he said.

"Yes; Miss Mabel sent for me."

"Then you saw the end of poor Sir Harry."

"No," answered Nan, in a tone of disappointment. "The last of the Herberts died without my being by his bed-side."

"It will be a grand funeral; all the poor will have mourning, the same as at his father's. He, too, died about the same age," added the sexton.

"I am always in mourning," observed the woman, dryly.

The gentleman, having gratified his curiosity by inspecting the monuments, now made his appearance in the churchyard, followed by his companion, who tossed Nicholas the keys.

"Go instantly to the hall," whispered Nan to the former; "you have been sent for. There is something wrong, I fear."

A look of intelligence passed between them, but not another word; and the stranger, after thanking Amen Corner for his civility, disappeared over the stile which communicated with the park.

"A very liberal gentleman," observed the clerk, with an air of satisfaction.

"I should like to have the pleasure of showing half a dozen such visitors over the church every day."

"Doubtless," thought the woman, as she walked away.

The speaker followed her, leaving the sexton to resume his occupation, at which he paused, however, from time to time, to regard Dick, who had rejoined his little playmates.

"Nan," said Mr. Corner, as soon as he had overtaken her, "I feel hurt—considerably hurt, after the many years we have known each other, to find there is so little confidence between us."

"And pray what confidence should there be between us?" demanded the female with a scornful look.

"You know—our friend; the—you know very well what I mean."

"I have no friends, and have given up guessing riddles since I was a child," answered Nan Willis, sarcastically. "If you are wise," she added, "you will keep your secrets to yourself, supposing you have any; I should only betray them."

"Well, well; but you know, I am sure you do, although he denied it, that—"

Amen Corner stopped short; there was a warning glance in the restless grey eyes suddenly fixed upon him which he could not mistake.

"I know a great many things," observed the singular being whose confidence he was endeavoring to surprise, "and have seen a great many things; too many," she added, "to suffer my brains to be sucked by every chattering pie who happens to cross my path."

"But I have not crossed it,"

"None do with impunity," was the cool rejoinder.

"Why, what could you do?" demanded the clerk, who began to feel annoyed by the airs of superiority which Nan gave herself.

"What I could do would take too long to tell; but I'll inform you what I would do."

"What?" asked the man in a mocking tone.

"Hang you at the first assize at Lincoln!" answered the aged woman, striking her stick upon the ground; "and now, Amen Corner, you know me."

Nan Willis concluded her walk to the village alone.

From that day the overbearing parish clerk treated her with remarkable respect whenever they met, and was observed to look exceedingly uneasy whenever her name was mentioned.

Instead of proceeding direct to the hall by the avenue of elms, the stranger struck off into a narrow footpath which led to the back of the mansion. Years had passed since he last stood beneath the antique roof, and as he entered by the well-remembered portal where Miss Herbert's maid was waiting to receive him, unpleasant recollections pressed upon him. He was a bold, reckless man, yet he could not shake them off.

"Roderick!" exclaimed the heiress, throwing herself into his arms as soon as he entered the dressing-room, "the hour so long, so impatiently watched for, has dawned at last. No earthly power can now prevent our marriage. I am the mistress of Crowshall—of the broad lands of my brother, who never would have consented to our union had he known that you were—"

A nameless adventurer, without friends or fortune," said her lover, finishing the sentence for her. "Well, he paid for his pride of birth."

Mabel shuddered—she recollected, perhaps, how dearly.

"Have you been well?" she said, "Oh, it is long since I have seen you. You find me changed. Alas, I am no longer the blooming girl who won your heart. Am I much changed?" she added, fondly.

With more gallantry than truth, Roderick Hastings answered that time had but added to her beauty.

It was singular to notice the rapture with which the shrewd woman of the world, who, in the fearful game she had played, had calculated every chance, hung upon his words, which were heartless, uttered like a lesson which the speaker had repeated a hundred times to as many dupes who had been weak enough to listen to it; but the tempter knew his strength. Mabel, who had braved the horrors of her brother's scolding, the rebukes of the rector and Mr. Elton, the reproaches of her own conscience, with him was meek and submissive as a child.

"Sir Harry died last night," he said, "or rather this morning."

"Yes."

"Perhaps it would be advisable that I should not be seen here till after the funeral. But what has occurred?" he added. "Nan whispered me that something was wrong; what has been wrong?"

"My brother has made a will!"

"How?"

"It was not my fault, dear Roderick—believe me it was not," continued the heiress, eagerly; "I took every precaution. The estates are mine; nothing can deprive me of them; but the personal wealth has been willed to another."

"To whom?" demanded her lover impatiently.

"They refused to tell me."

"Who refused to tell you?" exclaimed Mr. Hastings, impatiently. "Forgive me," he added, "dear Mabel, but you know my impetuous humor; my tongue sometimes betrays my heart. In your last letter, if I understood it rightly, you told me that you had succeeded in isolating your brother from all his friends."

"I had done so."

"And above all, from that meddling lawyer, whom he was weak enough to make the confidant of his misfortune," he added, after a pause.

"Sit by me, Roderick; be patient with me, and I will explain all," said Mabel; "but do not terrify me with these wild bursts of passion."

"Well, well," muttered the reckless man, in a tone of suppressed bitterness, "I will be patient."

His dupe—for such she had been and such she was destined to continue—related as briefly as possible the means by which she had been thrown off her guard, and the legal adviser of her brother and his friends obtained admittance to the chamber.

When she repeated the allusion which Mr. Elton had made to the bond, the gentleman started from his chair, exclaiming with an oath that Marshall must have betrayed him.

"And who is Marshall?" asked the lady, timidly.

"A money scrivener—a fellow with whom I was compelled to deposit it as a security for a debt. Forgive me, Mabel," he added, seeing that his confession had stung her pride; "you have never known what it is to be hunted by the minions of the law—the long and weary struggle with misfortune. I never concealed from you my poverty, and if I descended to means which delicacy might condemn, it was to preserve my life for your sweet sake."

"Speak of it no more," said his victim, in a tone of submission; "I must bear exposure as I can. It was the knowledge, or the possession of that bond, I know not which, that enabled Elton to work upon my brother's feelings. Harry must have known all before he signed his will."

"In whose possession is it?" demanded Roderick, gloomily.

"The lawyer's. You do not know him," observed the heiress.

"Nor he me," replied her lover. "I am not a child to be frightened from a course I have once determined on. That wealth must be mine—ours, I mean, love," he added, correcting himself; "the will has been obtained by fraud—by practising on the weakness of a dying man, and braving the authority of an unprotected woman. Where is this man?"

"He and the rector are still in the library below," answered Mabel. "When I threatened to send for some one to consult and assist me, he evidently understood me, for he named you—"

"Shrewd fellow," observed Mr. Hastings.

"Said that he should be delighted to renew his acquaintance with you—"

"Will he?"

"And that he was perfectly prepared to—"

"We will both be prepared," said the gentleman, coolly, at the same time drawing a pair of pistols from his pocket, and closely examining the charge.

"Roderick! Roderick!" exclaimed the deluded creature, clinging to his arm.

"No violence—think of the consequences. There is not a servant in the house, except the one who conducted you here, but is hostile to you."

"The will must be given up, quietly if possible," said her lover. "Believe me, you alarm yourself unnecessarily. The lawyer and I shall quickly understand each other. Do you remain here till my return."

So saying, he quitted the dressing-room; and being perfectly acquainted with every turn in the house, wended his way to the library, where Mr. Elton, the rector, and Dr. Marsh were still in conversation.

"Mr. Roderick Hastings, I believe," said the former, coolly.

"At your service, gentlemen," replied the reckless man, advancing towards the table. "I find that in the absence of her natural protector, Miss Herbert has been cruelly imposed upon; that a will, prejudicial to her interests, has been extorted from her dying brother. I demand to see that document."

"You shall, in due time."

"I must see it now."

"It will be read at the funeral of my murdered friend," said the lawyer.

"Now!" repeated the ruffian, striking his clenched fist upon the table.

Two bailiffs stepped from behind the screen, and one of them, tapping him on the shoulder, arrested him at the suit of the executors of Peter Marshall, scrivener and money-lender.

Mr. Roderick Hastings broke into a loud laugh.

"Well played," he said, "devilishly well played, Mr. Elton. I begin to find the game exciting; I have not found an equal antagonist till now. The next turn of the die may be mine."

"Perhaps," said the lawyer, gravely; "at all events I have kept my word. Your presence here shall not insult the memory of the dead."

In less than ten minutes after his entrance into the library Mr. Roderick Hastings quitted Crowshall in a post chaise, in charge of the two bailiffs who had arrested him.

CHAPTER V.

By sports like these are

tive, restless brain, which he not unsparingly compared to a watch without a key, once stopped, he had no means of winding it up again. During his professional career, he had become the confidant of many strange secrets. To do him justice, they were guarded as such. Up to the coming of age of the late baronet, he had been the adviser of the Herbert family, and it was not without a bitter feeling that he saw the confidence he had so long enjoyed transferred to Mr. Elton, who had been Sir Harry's friend and companion at college.

In person the gentleman was exceedingly short, thin, with a sharp, ferret-like head, on which a modicum of powder was daily wasted—we say wasted, for it failed to impart either dignity or respectability to his features; a restless gray eye, and a certain spasmodic twitching about the mouth, betrayed his highly nervous temperament; and whenever anything particularly excited him, he had a singular and rather unpleasant habit of tapping with the two first fingers of his right hand, upon his narrow receding forehead, somewhat in the manner of a novice when practicing a shake at the piano. His age was about fifty or fifty-two, and the great peculiarity of his dress was, that he invariably wore Hessian boots—a reminiscence of his youth, perhaps, or a lingering suspicion that he still possessed a very handsome leg.

The rest of his costume consisted of a suit of black which he wore both in summer and winter, very tightly buttoned, as if afraid that the wind would creep into his confidence, a broad brimmed hat, and a white cravat.

It has been frequently remarked that our vanities are the last things that abandon us. To do the lawyer justice, he had not many, his Hessian boots being the only one he was ever known to indulge in; his house, and the expenses of his office, being conducted on the most economical principles.

"I am glad, very glad that you are come," said Mabel, rising to receive her visitor, as he made his appearance in the drawing-room, "for I require both your advice and assistance."

"Both are at the service of Miss Herbert," replied the gentleman in a bland tone.

"You have heard of my misfortune?"

"From the groom who brought the note to me," answered the lawyer, "and it really is a misfortune, though few in your position would have the good sense to think so; so good, so fine, so—"

"Excellent a brother," interrupted the heiress, with a hypocritical attempt to force a tear.

"An estate, I was about to observe," said the man of law. "You will be sadly puzzled what to do with it. Women are unfitted for the control and management of property, sure to be imposed on; sure—"

"Perhaps I shall find it less burdensome than you imagine," said Mabel, with a smile, as she recollected the peculiar opinions of the speaker on the subject; and with your advice—"

"Hum! yes! certainly! with my advice, the danger may be considerably lessened. Ah, Miss Herbert," he continued, "how few females have the discretion, the good sense, to be guided by their legal adviser; they give way to impulses and feelings, and are none led, pardon the expression, by their affections, which neutralize the quickness of their perceptions, and stifle the voice of prudence. Women would be glorious creatures," he added, "provided they could be born without affections, which only mislead them; as in the case of that bond, for instance, which despite my respectful remonstrances, you would execute in favor of Mr. Roderick Hastings."

"It is of that I would speak," said the lady.

"Of the gentleman, or the bond?"

"Of both. Listen to me—I will describe to you exactly the position in which my brother's death has left me."

"Needless," said the lawyer, "quite needless; I know it already, being as well acquainted with the family settlements as though they had never passed from my office. You are the mistress of Crowhall."

"Yes."

"And of the personal property?"

This was put more in the form of a query than an assertion; the speaker not being quite so well-informed on that point.

"No," replied Mabel, bitterly; "I have been deprived of it by an infamous conspiracy."

Here the disappointed heiress related the scene which had taken place in the chamber of her dying brother, and the execution of the will in the presence of Mr. Elton, the doctor, and Dr. Marsh. As she proceeded, the little gray eyes of Mr. Elton sparkled curiously, and several times he tapped with his fingers on his forehead, as if to impress every word that was uttered on his brain.

"I shall dispute the will," observed the lady, when she had concluded her statement.

"Dispute the will!" repeated the lawyer; "of course you will! What! put up with the will of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—I think you said a hundred and fifty—when the law has provided so beautiful—a clear—so simple a remedy! Chancery! Miss Herbert; chancery! You have told me all?" he added.

Mabel hesitated.

"I need not remind you, my dear young lady," continued the gentleman, "how necessary it is that confidence—perfect confidence—should exist between us. A lawyer is like a confessor, and should be trusted to entirely or not at all. My professional duties bring me in contact daily with the little weaknesses of humanity. I can make allowances for them."

Thus encouraged, the guilty woman explained "why" her brother had been induced at the last moment to execute a will in favor of the distant relative whom he had never seen. Whilst making the humiliating avowal, her pale brow became flushed, and more than once her dark expressive eyes sank beneath the pleading glance of the little gray ones riveted upon her.

"Ugly," muttered the man of law, "a very ugly affair; but women have no ideas of business. That bond, which I so respectfully urged you against executing, was worse than a crime."

"Worse than a crime!" repeated Mabel.

"Of course I mean legally speaking," continued Mr. Elton; "it was a blunder. But a hundred and fifty thousand is a very large sum to pay for having made one, so if you do not shrink from a little exposure—for after all there was nothing criminal in your denial to your late brother that you were attached to Mr. Roderick Hastings—I think we might still dispute the testament. But how did the bond fall into Mr. Elton's hands?"

"As executor to some money-lender, one Peter Marshall—that, I think is the name—to whom Mr. Hastings had pledged it for five thousand pounds."

"How indiscreet!" exclaimed the little man, with the air of a person who was very much shocked; "in fact I may say that it was coarse! I dare say," he added, in a tone of spite, "the old rascal charged him twenty or twenty-five per cent. at the very least."

"Mr. Elton has arrested him upon it, and he has been dragged away to London," said Mabel. "He must be released at any sacrifice."

"The only way to release him will be to pay his debts," observed the lawyer. "Pay them."

"Have you any idea, my dear Miss Herbert, how much they amount to?"

"Pay them," repeated the infuriated woman.

"To thirty thousand pounds," resumed her adviser, tapping his forehead with his fingers again. "A large sum—very large. Do not be surprised," he added, "at my intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Mr. Hastings. We have long been in communication on the subject, and I believed that I possessed his entire confidence till this affair of the bond."

"However large the embarrassments, they must be cleared," said Mabel.

"The rental of Crowhall is fifteen thousand a year."

"And might be more, properly managed. The property is shamefully under let," interrupted Mr. Elton.

"That you must see to," continued the heiress, "for I intend to place the management of the estate in your hands."

Her visitor bowed to the very ground—perhaps to conceal the smile that pinched his thin lips.

"Provided you at once comply with my request."

"What!" exclaimed her visitor, "advance thirty thousand pounds!—where am I to procure such a sum?"

"On mortgage; I am sure it is possible."

The gentleman, after reflecting some time, admitted that it was possible—and then remonstrating, as he invariably did under such circumstances when he lent money, on the folly, the weakness of his client so embarrassing herself—finally agreed to procure the sum at ten per cent.

"And in as many days," urged the lady.

"In as many days," repeated the gentleman.

A smile of intense joy flitted for an instant over the pale, worn features of his client; the lawyer saw it, and immediately added, as a condition, that she should insure her life.

Mabel would have insured anything.

Mr. Elton handed her the prospectus of an office in which he was one of the principal directors. Everything considered, his ride to Crowhall promised to be a profitable one.

"Is this necessary?" demanded the heiress, as she carelessly glanced at its contents.

"Most important," replied the man of law. "The Herberts have a habit of dying young; some of them very young. First, your brother Walter at the age of twenty; now, Sir Harry."

"Poor Walter! poor Harry!" sighed their sister.

"Quite a fatality," observed the lawyer. "By the bye, Miss Herbert, I never could understand why Mr. Walter Herbert, who was a dreamer, a mere book-worm, should have borrowed three thousand pounds of me a few months before his death. Very singular! In fact, I may say remarkably singular."

Here the speaker repeated the tapping on his head again.

"It was repaid," said Mabel.

Mr. Elton admitted that it had been repaid; rather reluctantly, perhaps; still he did acknowledge that the late baronet had most honorably discharged the debt.

"He was so quiet a gentleman," he said; "not given to racing, gambling, and such—"

"Most likely," interrupted the lady, impatiently, "he required the money to pay his college debts, or an account of some youthful imprudence which my brother never thought fit to inform me of. When will the deeds which you say I must sign be ready?"

"In three days."

"And Mr. Hastings?"

"Will be at liberty at ten. I shall proceed to London as soon as they are drawn," said the lawyer. "Good day, Miss Herbert. I think we perfectly understand the arrangement—mortgaged at ten per cent."

"Yes! yes!"

"Your life to be insured for the amount."

"Yes."

"With power on my part to foreclose and enter on possession in the event of the interest not being duly paid, or the insurance kept up; and, let me see—"

The pettiness of the infuriated woman had been stretched to its utmost limit.

"Man," she exclaimed, "I cannot huxter with you like a farmer's wife, or hawker at a fair. Make what terms you will; bring what deeds you will, I'll sign them, provided Roderick Hastings be set at liberty in ten days."

"In ten days he shall be at your feet," replied Mr. Elton, rising to depart, for he saw that his client was in no humor to be trifled with any further; and it might prove unwise to offend her, for the security was in every way so very unexceptionable, that the heiress of Crowhall might have raised the sum required at a much easier rate.

"An excellent investment," he thought, as he mounted his pony and rode from the hall, "and safe, quite safe; yet I should very much like to know what Walter Herbert did with that three thousand pounds I lent him; perhaps I shall learn some day."

"There goes as singular a compound as ever lived," observed Dr. Marsh, who was standing with his brother executors at the library window, when the lawyer took his leave. "Fond as he is of money, I believe that he is still fonder of his profession, and would rather toil for a week without a fee, than remain idle a single day unemployed. Are you acquainted with him?"

"I had occasion to meet him," replied Mr. Elton, to whom the question had been addressed, "nearly four years ago, when Sir Harry's younger brother died."

"Poor Walter!" ejaculated the doctor; "they were both my pupils, and strongly attached to each other. There is a fatality," he added, "in the extinction of the race. First the youngest, just entering into manhood; then the elder, broken-hearted and without an heir."

"A fatality which their sister, I fear, will not prove the only person to profit by," observed Mr. Elton.

"She can never be so lost to shame, to the opinion of her friends and the world," exclaimed the clergyman, "as to marry the destroyer of her brother's happiness."

The lawyer shook his head.

"A woman, when she loves as Miss Herbert loves, will brave their censures," he said.

"Right," exclaimed Dr. Marsh. "My dear sir, you ought to have been a physician, not a lawyer."

HUMBLE LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from page 123.)

The half-sovereign was soon tied in his handkerchief, and, with a heart as light as a Jew's orange, he made for Spitalfields. By the time he had reached it, his stomach reminded him that he had not eaten anything all day long. "Well, don't grumble," he said, addressing himself; "and I'll treat you to something handsome. You must be tired of bread, so just wait a bit."

He turned down a street, as if he knew the road well, and the door of a small public house was soon sent swinging back clattering against the wall.

"There's a match-a-going on in the parlor," said the landlady, as she puffed at the beer-engine. "Mr. Crumpley has venged his bird against Mr. Guichard's. They do say it will be a rare struggle—the best this season."

Among the bird-catching weavers of Spitalfields, there is an odd sort of emulation as to whose call-bird will "jerk" the longest, whilst it is singing. Of course, the oftener it will jerk, the more valuable the bird is for snaring others.

Tim was trying to resist the temptation, when suddenly the waiter opened the parlor-door, letting out a gush of laughter and shouting that decided him. "They're only waiting for a bit of candle, mum," the waiter said. "Bring in your bread and cheese directly, Mr. Bradley; 'there'll be rare sport; pot of porter I think you said—very good, sir,'" and as the waiter entered the parlor, he added, "Tim's been and pawed the loom, I suppose."

In a small room, so clouded with tobacco smoke that it was like looking through a heavy Scotch mist, were assembled about forty rough, unshaven weavers, many of them without coats, having just "stepped over the way" to see the match. Nearly every man who fancied linnet was aware of the bet that had been, for it was got up at the last Saturday night's meeting, when the attendance was always full. It appeared that Crumpley was a perfect stranger to all present. He was a weaver and a bird-catcher from Stockport, and had dared to match his call-linnet against Guichard's, which was the champion of Spitalfields.

At a table at the end of the room were the owners of the rival birds; each with his linnet hidden under a handkerchief. Occasionally the little things would chirp and answer each other, as if impatient for the fray. The whole room was engaged in a discussion on the relative virtues of the combatants, and, according to all accounts, Crumpley stood no chance of victory.

"I've seen Guichard's 'Bobby' give a humdrum and heighly jerks in a quarter of an hour. I've seen him do it with these eyes," said one of the weavers, who was offering two pots to one all over the room; "as quick as a hammer, it was."

After an umpire had been appointed, the match began. A small piece of candle, an inch in length, had been lit, and the bird who should jerk the oftentimes before the candle was burnt out, was to be the conqueror.

The handkerchiefs were now removed, and the two little square green cages placed opposite each other, with the light shining between them. Their masters tried to encourage the little things on; but they only shook their feathers and looked at the candle with their heads on one side, like a schoolboy at his copy-book.

The stranger's linnet was the first to begin. This was taken as a good sign, and betting began.

"Three pints to a pot on Guichard's," shouted one.

"Done," answered another, taking him up sharply.

"I'll stake five pints to four on stranger," roared a third.

"Throw in a glass of gin, and I'll have at you."

"Taken," cried three at once.

Crumpley's bird was now off in style. The room rang with its notes; they were so shrill, that, when he left off suddenly, the stillness of the room was curiously oppressive. The stranger's eyes brightened, as if sure of victory. But the rival linnet seemed now to be wakening up. His master was encouraging him, chirping to him, and using all kinds of endearments. All at once his wings began to flutter, his little throat swelled, and now after some pouring out as fast as the weaver could pour down. Crumpley's linnet was soon at work again, and between the two, the noise was so excessive, that anything else seemed soundless. The door slammed to without a bang; and, though men shouted to each other, it was heard no louder than a whisper.

The candle was wasting away, and the scene grew more and more exciting. Both linnet were in full song. Their masters were bending over them, urging them on. Never was a race-course more full of interest. The spectators pressed on to the table, their eyes and mouths wide open, each one trying to catch a glimpse of the little rivals. They were nearly equal—never had such a match been known before.

Suddenly, Crumpley's face darkened. He beat the air with vexation. To think that, just as his bird was sure of victory, it should give in. Another minute, and the stakes would have been his. His poor little linnet, overcome by the exertions it had used, had swooned from its perch, and now lay fluttering at the bottom of the cage. Victory was declared on behalf of Guichard. He threw a handkerchief over the cage, and instantly the little thing ceased its song.

After a time the room recovered the use of their ears. They had been completely deafened; and, for some minutes, the notes were heard the same as if the birds were still singing.

Tim sat enjoying the scene till everybody had left except Crumpley. The man, as he saw Bradley give his half-sovereign to the waiter, watched it greedily; and, as soon as the door was closed, began talking to him.

"There's eight bob gone, slap!" he said, referring to his losses. "It would have just set me up again, hang it. Now I must beat up for a pardner. I'm the unluckiest cove that ever chewed baccy, I am."

Tim merely looked at him; so he continued—

"'Just as the season is comin' on, too. It's a clean thirty bob a week walked off. I could find a cove with more or less ten bob to go partners with, I wouldn't care. Ah! I am an unlucky 'un, very. I shall never have such a chance again. You see, there's a pal o' mine as is in trouble, and 'ud jump at a surra for his traps; I shall never have such a go again. With this ere call-bird, it's a clean thirty bob a week, it is."

"Do you make as much as that?" asked Tim, joining in conversation.

"Ah! I have made forty bob. Got a surra over and over again for a good singing lark."

"Nonsense!" cried Tim.

"Eh! an' I caught 'em ten a day—that's nothin' uncommon."

Before an hour had passed, Bradley had consented to become the stranger's "pardner." He was to advance nine shillings on the morrow, when they would buy "the pals traps" and begin operations at once.

With the two shillings he had still left, Tim, full of hope, ran all the way home to Kitty, to tell her of his good fortune. Thirty shillings a week! why it was four times better than silk weaving!

It was a fine sunshiny morning, and so early, that as Tim looked down the Goswell-road, there was not a soul to be seen. The lamps were yet burning, but their yellow flame was almost drowned in the golden light of day.

The junior partner, with an oblong canvas bag filled with call-birds and nets tied to the end of three or four green poles that rested on his shoulders, walked along whistling and longing for a few of the guinea larks and linnet that were to enable him to retire from business in double quick time. He was already, in his fancy, chopping away at the huge Australian trees that encumbered the Bradley estate. Old Lamere was tending a flock of sheep with tails as big as bolsters; and Kitty was hard at work making the log hut tidy against her husband's return.

"It's a fine morning," said Crumpley, growing tired of his "pardner's" silence; "we shall catch 'em like mice in a barn. We're a-going to the meast rattling spot in England—hear 'em a-tuning away, and never thinking of giving over no more than a cricket at a baker's."

"Many of that there guinea sort?" asked Tim.

"Cram full," answered Crumpley; "see twenty pounds fly up bang afore your eyes. They're your sort—the real anti-forgery lot. No use tryin' to imitate their notes—aint worth a song when you're perfect at it."

After two hours of hard walking, the firm reached their land of promise. It was a large field, one end of which was turned into bricks as fast as four poor blind horses could work. All around were huge square piles of bricks—some turning red, as if ripening under the heat of the smoke that rose through them, whilst the others were damp, mud-colored, and bluish-looking.

The two long nets were soon spread out, and the little green cages with the call-birds posted round them, whilst the "arm" hid behind a heap of old straw. The larks and linnet were singing on every side, and Tim was breath-

less with excitement. Sometimes a bird would hang in the air, fluttering over the bait, as if making up its mind; but at last it would be off, rising and rising, till it was a mere speck in the blue sky.

"They're shy, aint they?" asked Tim.

"Maybe lost a relation at it yesterday," answered Crumpley; "but wait a bit—they'll drop in to lunch afore long."

At length, jerk went the birdcatcher's arm, and down fell the net. The "firm" instantly ran up, and there, sure enough, was a poor little lark struggling in the trap.

"It's an old 'un," said the man, blowing the feathers open on its breast; "shouldn't at all wonder if he were one of the sovereign sort. Soon tell, when he gives over sulking;" and he thrust the little thing through a canvass opening in the top of a long, low cage.

For the next three hours they caught nothing. They were obliged to keep so still, that sometimes the sudden rush of the little captive against the wires of its prison would make Tim jump as if a pin had pricked him. Altogether it was very slow work; so, as "the pardner" had lit his pipe, the lad just stretched himself along the straw, and putting his cap over his eyes, soon fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke he was surprised to find the stranger had gone! Up Tim jumped, wide awake in an instant. The nets had been taken up, call-birds, everything moved away. Perhaps he's gone to another part of the field, thought the weaver, pale with alarm. He ran to the nearest pile of bricks, and clambering up, looked all round the field. There was no Crumpley to be seen. "The villain," muttered the lad, clenching his fists, "to sneak off when I were sleeping! the villain!"

"Get off those bricks!" shouted the men at work.

Tim ran to them as fast as he could move his legs. "Have you seen a bird-catcher in ere a part of the field?" he asked.

"There were two on 'em just by where you were a standing," was the answer.

"I seed one on 'em go off two hours gone, with all his traps packed," said another of the men.

"Which way did he make for?"

"Over that hedge yonder—straight on to that white house; then I lost him."

Holding his coat tightly together, Tim bounded off in pursuit. He tore over the ground like a madman. The white house was soon reached, but there he could gain no news of the fellow. Trusting to good fortune, he ran down the road, raising the dust in clouds behind him. Every one that he met he shouted to in the hopes of gaining some tidings of his partner, but no one had seen the rogue. At last, tired out and choked with dust, he was forced to halt. He was done; with two hours start he might as well try to catch the mail. "The villain! the scoundrel! the robber!"

Where to go he didn't know, and, what was more, he didn't care. Nevertheless, he sauntered along, and, without knowing it, soon found himself in Spitalfields. As if he were ashamed of himself, he crept up the stairs to Lamere's room, and, but for Kitty's opening the door to see who it was standing there, he would have turned round and gone to sleep at his father's.

He determined not to say a word to Kitty of his misfortune. No, she had enough to trouble her as it was, and he wouldn't make her miserable with his mishaps. But the girl quickly saw that something had vexed him, and opened such a fire of questions and cross-questions, that, after he had been caught out in about twenty stupid bungling statements, he surrendered, and laid the whole of his sufferings before her.

"What a wicked, bad man," cried Kit, throwing up her hands in horror, "only to think!"

"That ain't strong enough—not half," said Tim, astonished at the mildness of her words. "Call him a confounded out-and-out burglar, and then you're miles from the point, you are;" and his anger broke afresh; and he swung his fist about so wildly, that the girl had to beg of him to be less energetic, for fear his father should hear him.

"There's no good, Tim, in making yourself warm in that manner," she said, working as she stood before him; "the money's gone, sure enough, and the less you think about it, the lighter you will feel the loss. It wasn't a bad day's work, even without the nine shillings. The two you gave me were more than you could have earned at the loom, and were so acceptable, you can't think. Look," and she opened a cupboard over the door, "we've got two loaves, and there is still mincepie left, after paying all we owe. So don't be down-hearted, and I'll tell you some good news."

She could do almost anything with him—manage him like a child. He sat down, and, as he munched his crust, she told him about the Docks. "I've learnt all about it, Tim. They give as much as two-and-six-pence for eight hours' work. Only think, if you should be regularly employed, why, we shouldn't know where to keep the money; have to hide it all in sorts of holes—stop out the draughts with half-crowns—won't it be nice?" And she went on talking and sewing so cheerfully, that the lad felt his spirits return at each word she spoke, and, in the end, was half inclined to laugh at his mishaps.

They spent the evening round old Lamere's bed. His leg was so much better, that he could sleep the whole night through without the pain awakening him. He joined in the conversation, cheering Tim up with hopes, which, had they been realized, would eventually have enabled him to start his carriage-and-pair. As he slipped into the rough bed, that by great exertion had been manufactured for him out of all sorts of odds and ends, Bradley couldn't help fancying that something or other was going to happen, and bring more good fortune to him than if he had been partners with fifty bird-catchers, with guinea larks pouring in from all sides. He was, he thought, the first to rise; but, as he was creeping out at the door, he just caught the sound of a needle clicking against a thimble. Why, bless me! he thought, "she's working already, poor girl. She'll kill herself, she will. If it had been her wedding-dress, she couldn't stick harder to it, she couldn't."

When he reached the Docks, although it was only six o'clock, he was startled to find the gates closely packed with men seeking for employment. Although the labor was so excessive, that in a few hours the strongest limbs ached under it, yet so eagerly was it sought after, that men, sooner than lose it, would rise early from their beds, content to stand idle for an hour or two, if they could but secure a good place near the gate. At the Docks character was no use—the hard kick muscle was all that was required; so that those whose ill-doings precluded them from any employment where a good name was necessary, resorted to the place as the only one in London where labor would be given, without any questions being asked of him who sought it. As fresh hands came hurrying from all sides to swell the crowd, those that were already there packed themselves closely together, so as to prevent themselves being forced backwards; and the heat grew so oppressive, that, although the morning air was keen, still the weaver felt the perspiration pouring off his face.

Tim was carried by the crowd nearly a hundred yards from the spot where he first stood. Once or twice he was nearly trodden under foot. He wasn't sorry when the ringing of a bell announced that the required number were chosen, for he felt sick and so weak that he could scarcely stand.

He moved off with some of the disappointed ones to a long shed, there to wait, in the chance of further help being required. His companions, savage with their failure, were inveighing bitterly against the foreman.

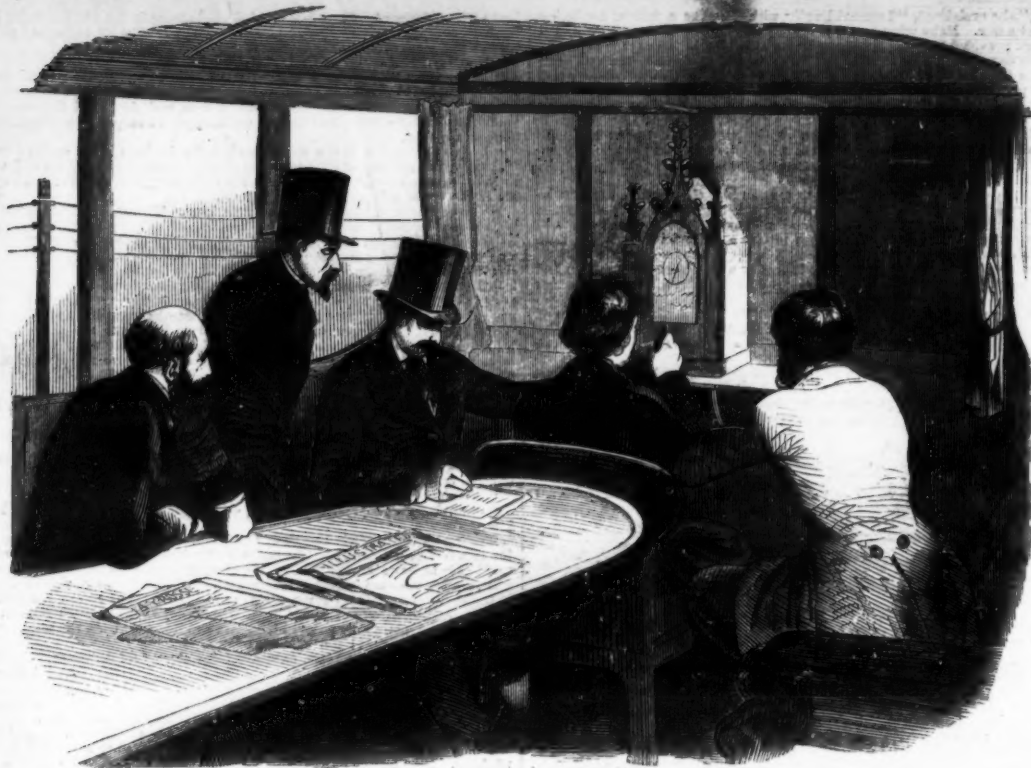
There was very little stirring in the shipping that day. The wind had long been contrary, and few vessels had arrived in the Thames. Towards the end of the day one gang of eight was called in for two hours' work, but again Tim was unlucky, and remained with the other unfortunates, pacing the shed as a wretched dog does his den.

For the first week Bradley attended every morning, and every day had to wear out the day under the shed. He could now push and halloo like the rest, but somehow or other his turn never came. At last his patience was quite worn out. One morning he vowed, as he left home, that he would not return until he would bring his half-crown with him. He pushed and screamed, threatened and praised, like a madman, but all to no use, and in despair, threw himself on one of the benches in the outhouse, half repenting of his vow, but still determined to cling to it.

To be continued.

CURIOUS PASTIME OF A SHE-BEAR.—We pushed on for Tongue Point and there pitched. More bears. I was busy on the point with the instrument, watching for an object, when I noticed a lady and her cub, amusing themselves, as I imagined, at a game of romps, but the old lady was evidently the more excited. Possibly no such opportunity has before been afforded to any naturalist of witnessing quietly the humors or habits of these animals.

At first the motion of the mother appeared to me as ridiculously absurd, or as if she was teaching her cub to perform a somerset or something nearly approaching to it; but the cub evinced no interest, no participation in



TELEGRAPHIC RAILROAD CAR. MODE OF OPERATING.

TELEGRAPHS ON LOCOMOTIVES.

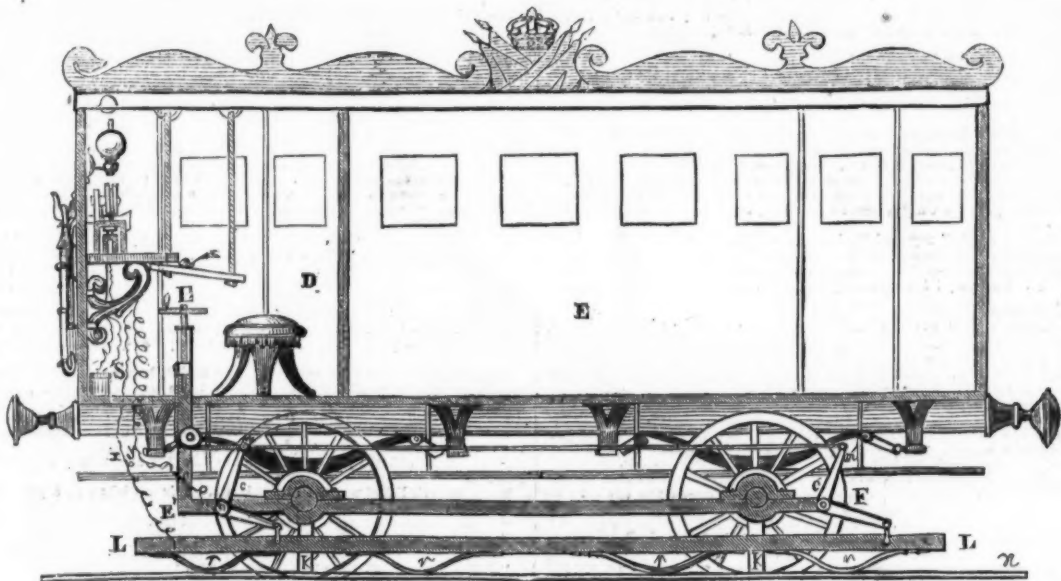
THE recent invention of connecting telegraphs with locomotives is attracting a great deal of attention among scientific men, and all who rejoice in any improvement calculated to increase the safety of railway travelling. The principle of applying telegraphs to locomotives is very simple, and with the aid of an illustration can be easily understood. A slide attached to the car occupied by the conductor establishes a permanent communication between the bar of iron and the telegraphic apparatus which is disposed in the same car, while the communication between the apparatus and the soil is effected through the medium of the axle, the wheels, and the rails.

The section of the bar being determined and regulated by the length of the line, the maximum number of telegraphic offices, the trains which may be upon the road at once, and the dimensions of the electrometer, it will follow that the current discharged from the galvanic battery will encounter no exterior resistance other than that of the apparatus whence the despatch is transmitted, with the addition of a fraction of that resistance, which will be indicated by the unity, divided by the number of the other apparatus placed on the same line.

- D. Anterior portion of the car intended for the telegraph.
- E. Post-office.
- F F'. Iron instrument resting by means of pads upon the axles of the car.
- K K'. Branches serving as conductor to a piece of tarred wood.
- L L'. This piece, which has an upward and downward movement, guided by the branches K K' is retained by the two levers bent, i i', which are fastened together by the rod m m'.
- H. Crank serving to elevate or depress parallel with itself the piece L L', and brings into contact the four springs r, r, r, r, with the bar n n', which performs the part of the telegraphic line.
- T. Telegraph placed opposite the wall of the chamber D.
- X. Conductor fastening the four springs r to the telegraph T.
- P. V. Gutta percha tube speaking trumpet suspended from the anterior wall of the car.
- S. Ordinary galvanic pile.

STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS is a most excellent picture of street life in Constantinople. Close to where the kerb-stone would be, if kerb-stone there were, stands our cobbler's stall. But no margin for the convenience or safety of foot-passengers runs between the houses, shops, stalls, and other fixtures, and the rolling tide of the street. Great cities have



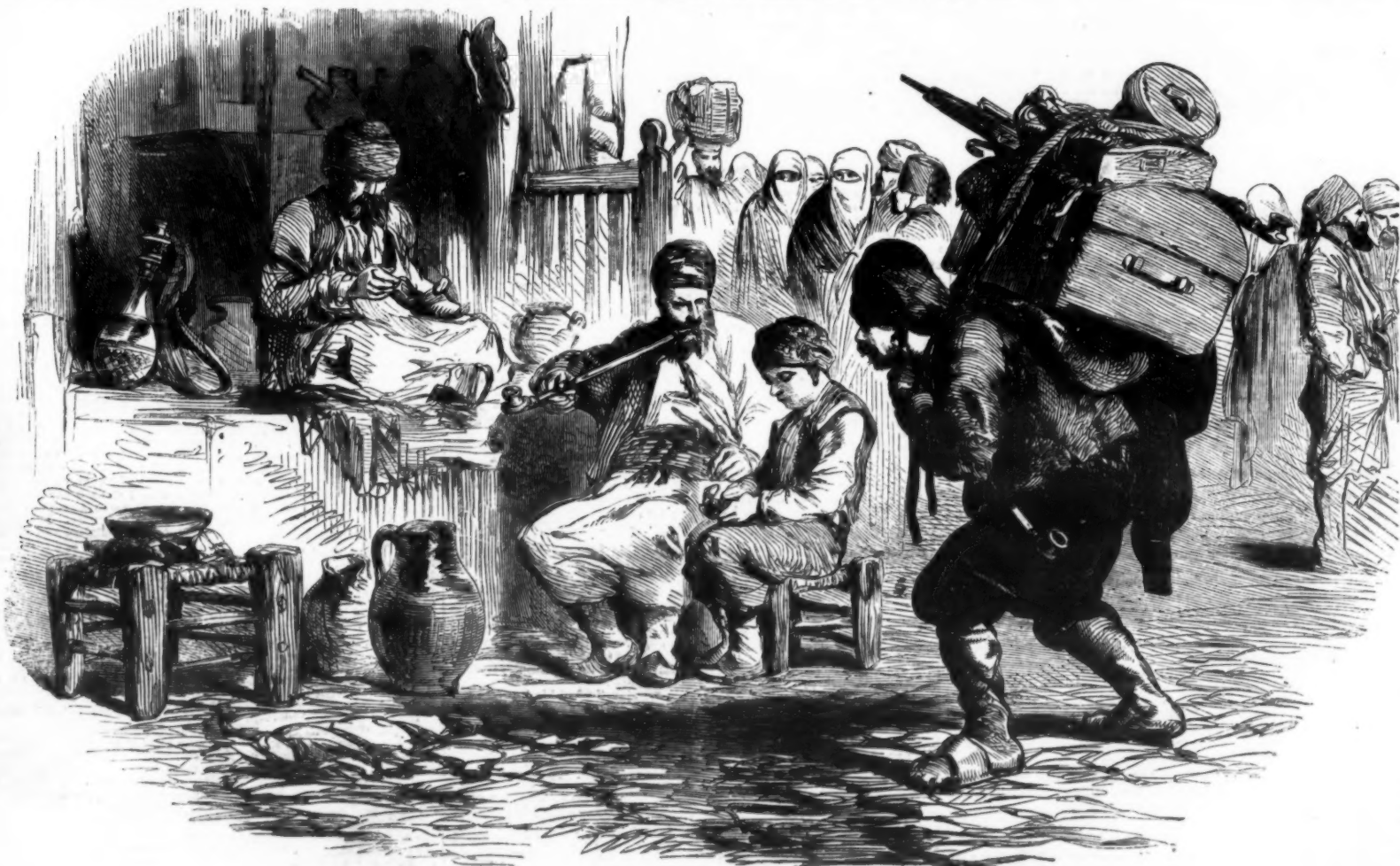
TELEGRAPHIC RAILROAD CAR.

their physiognomy as well as individuals; and engravings, pictures, and sketches, into which human action enters as a main element, furnish to the distant reader a source of information, very different from that derived from statistics, but without which statistical

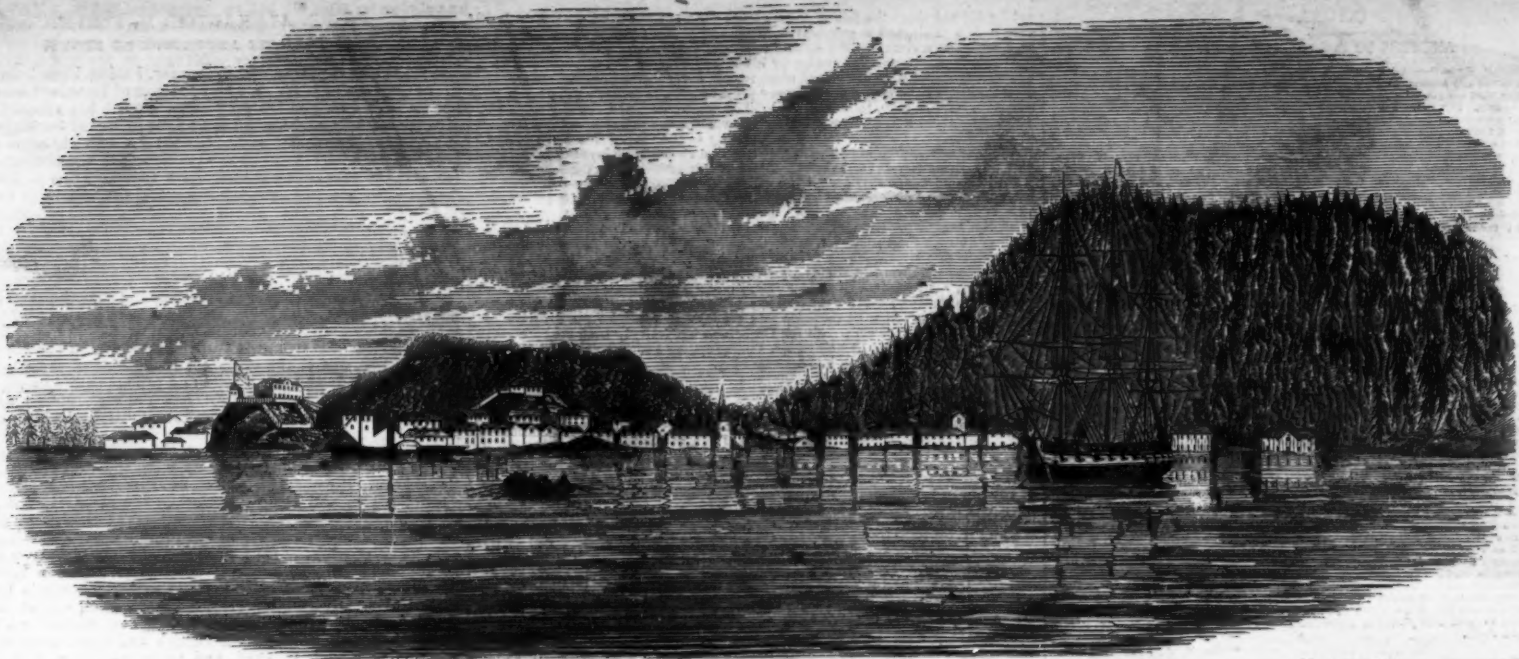
knowledge is, after all, but an unpractical guide. Men of business never think that they understand a man because they may have heard his story up to that moment, and may even have verified it by documentary evidence—they want next to see the individual. Yet they would be puzzled to specify what precise additional facts the person's general appearance can reveal. In fact, more than one half of the impressions which govern the proceedings of life defy analysis, and almost elude description. And so with countries, races, and centres of authority or resort. Those who read that a people called the Turks had settled in a very fertile land—one of the spontaneous gardens of nature, amid a thick cluster of commercial nations, with a vast and profitable sea-board, and that this people—these Turks—had made nothing out of so many advantages,—that the land was languishing and the sea idle around them: those who read such facts have a sort of negative knowledge about these Asiatic conquerors. But if they then see the Turks, or even but study lively representations of them as they act, move, and look, in the habits and usual current of their daily existence, that which was but the *cidolon* and skeleton of an idea puts on flesh and blood, and a species of abstract knowledge becomes vivid, realised, and practical information.

There they are, without the tricks and changes of an extraordinary occasion; there they are, as they appear diurnally; no exaggeration in any point, favorable or adverse; it is after nature, a common, a characteristic scene, and a fair study (to recur to our metaphor) of national physiognomy. In the distance a couple of lounging men gossiping at the street corner, one wearing the tarboosh, the other the turban, both fine-looking, lazy creatures; a crowd of white spectres, all sheet except the black staring eyes, and a bit of the shallow nose—women who may see, but must not be seen—counting for very little—having no souls, at least none that are immortal, in the opinion of their lords—moveable property, worth what it may fetch at market, no more; a common man with a basket on his head: a rather Calmuck-faced young Turk, shouldering his way, he also wearing the more convenient tarboosh, instead of the once universal turban; and, finally, the cobbler and the group around him, with a specimen of not the least remarkable class in Constantinople, the street-porters, passing at a swing-trot under a heavy load.

Wherever these stalls are pitched—whether they be the workshops of a cobbler, or the little repertoires of the scent-seller and druggist, or anything else—they are centres round which all idlers assemble to stare, rather than to talk. Staring and smoking are the most approved style of conversation among these lounging street-groups of Stamboul. To stare and smoke in company—that is life, that is society. Our shoemaker and slipper-mender by no means kills himself with hard work. He does not look like a man who would do so. He is glad to have gazers about him, even though there be not a pur-



STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



SITKA, A RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT ON THE WEST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA.

RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT OF SITKA.

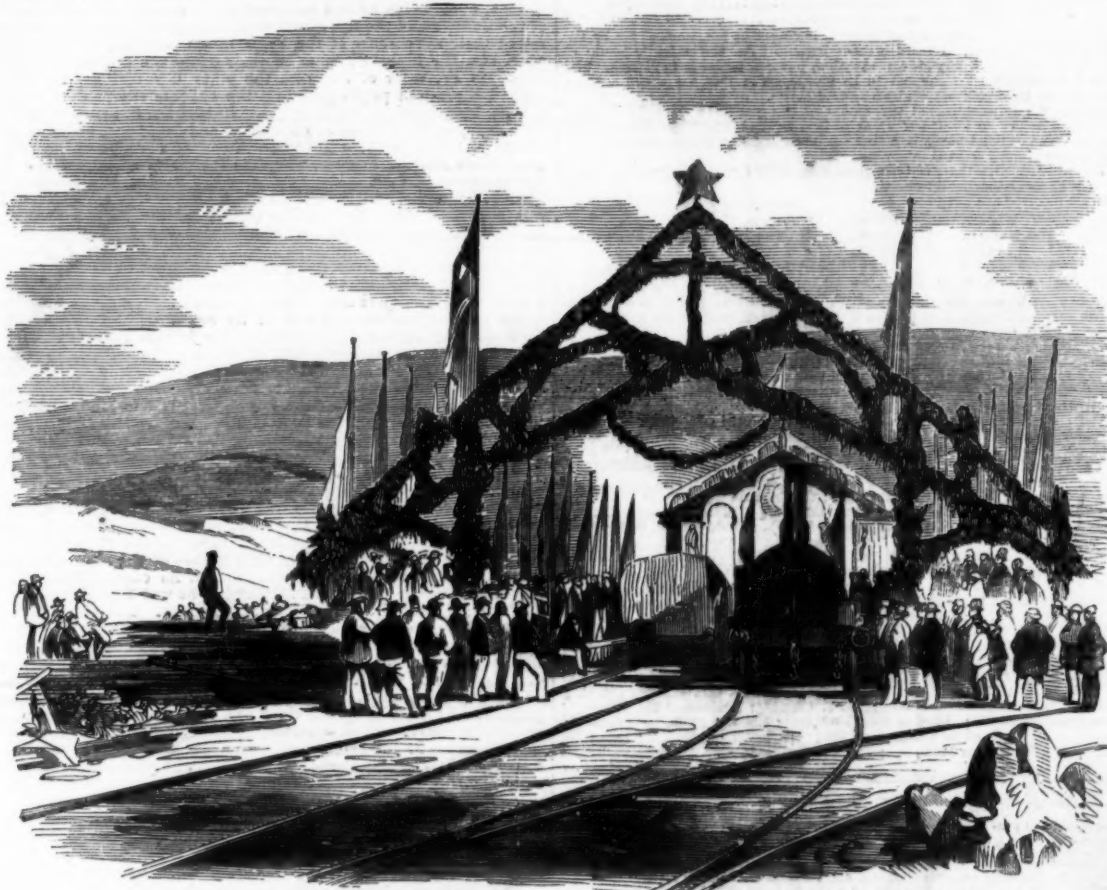
THE town of Sitka is situated on an island of the Pacific ocean, off the west coast of North America. It is a place of some importance in the cold regions of the North, and the seat of a magnetic observatory, supported by the Russian government.

of the line already executed the Railway Directors had prepared a sumptuous déjeuner, which was spread beneath the shade of a grove of palm-trees beside a stream—here the whole of the visitors were regaled, several military bands performing during such time lively music.

At dusk the whole returned to Valparaiso highly pleased with their trip, and at the entire success of the first trial of this important line; and for the remainder of the week a succession of fêtes was given by the Directors at the Vina del Mar station. Altogether about 25,000 persons have taken the opportunity of travelling along the line.

On Thursday, the 20th, the Directors invited Mr. Lloyd, their engineer, to a dinner, at which were the Minister of War and most of the eminent merchants of Valparaiso.

The accompanying Views are from photographs taken by Mr. Martineau, one of the engineers of the line.



INAUGURATION OF THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.

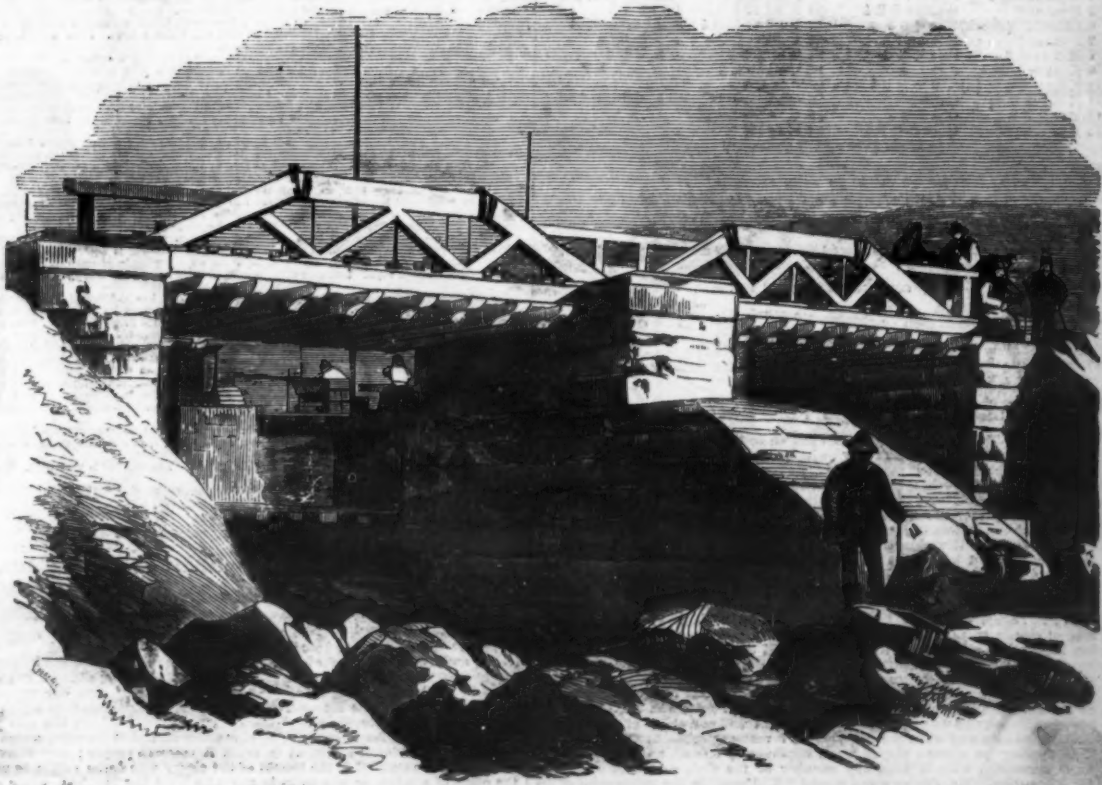
THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY, CHILE.

THE inauguration of the first eight miles of the Valparaiso and Santiago Railway took place on the 16th of September last, with every demonstration of enthusiasm and satisfaction. This portion of a very difficult and expensive line embraces three miles and a half along the coast, and presents a series of sea walls, breakwaters, and various other shore defences of enormous strength and solidity, the nature of the sea here at times demanding extreme precautions. The syenite rock in this neighborhood is of the most obdurate character, and immense labor has been required to overcome the obstacles the rugged nature of the shore presented, and at one point a tunnel was rendered necessary, upon a sharp curve. The remainder of the distance through the valley of the Vina del Mar is of a less arduous nature, and the country is extremely beautiful. Beyond this the line yet unfinished will possess features which few American railways present in respect of gradients and other engineering difficulties.

The inauguration took place in the presence of about twenty thousand people, who were perched on every available spot where a view of the ceremony could be obtained. The Governor of Valparaiso, attended by a large military staff, together with all the foreign Consuls, attended; and a large number of troops kept the ground, and the artillery of the National Guard fired frequent salutes. The station had been prettily decorated with triumphal arches, the flags of the various Consuls; and at the extreme end of the terminus had been erected a painted Gothic screen, before which was placed an altar, magnificently furnished with all the usual appointments of the Roman Catholic service. At about eleven A.M. the Bishop of Valparaiso, attended by a large number of the clergy, presented himself before the altar; some prayers were repeated; an oration was delivered, setting forth the advantages of such undertakings; and then the locomotives were introduced, and the ceremony of the benediction took place, the Bishop spreading his hands out towards the engines, and sprinkling them with holy water. The weather was beautiful, and the ceremony was undoubtedly very splendid and impressive, and from its novelty afforded infinite gratification to the brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen upon the platforms of the station, as well as the crowds collected outside.

Immediately after the ceremony had taken place the Governor of Valparaiso, the Bishop, the Directors of the Railway, and about 500 guests, started in a train along the line—the engine (La Empresa,) which was gaily decorated with Chili flags, being driven by Mr. Lloyd, the chief engineer of the Railway. At various points throughout the distance traversed triumphal arches had been erected, many of which evinced considerable taste and judgment; one representing a group of palm-trees festooned with flowers and decorated with figures of "Peace" and "Liberty," was much admired. At the termination

A MISSISSIPPI SCENE.—The St. Louis Herald tells the following rich story:—A week or so ago, as the Helen Mar was bound down the Ohio for this city, one of those little romances occurred on board which tend to enliven the dullness of life's realities. At Paducah, a young man from Tennessee came aboard, and took passage in the cabin. He was from the country, and, being away from home, with a "pocket full of rocks," he was not long in making the acquaintance of all on board, from the firemen to the captain. Among the passengers was a young girl of seventeen, to whom the Tennessean paid marked attentions, and it was evident that she was not indifferent to his blandishments. The ice was running thick in the river as the Helen Mar turned her bow up the Mississippi, and her progress was slow. The young Tennessean would frequently join the circle gathered around the stove, but presently paid all his attentions to the young lady. Presently, she seldom appeared in the ladies' cabin, and her step, recently as light as an antelope's, was heavy and slow; her cheek was pale, and her eyes dim and swollen. Tears were seen to steal from under her fringed eyelids, and it was whispered that sobs—deep, heart-broken sobs of anguish and despair—were heard from her stateroom in the silence of night, when others slept. The boatmen began to suspect that something was wrong; they canvassed the matter among themselves, and resolved upon an investigation. With that delicacy characteristic of Western boatmen, they said nothing to the girl herself, but called upon some of the lady passengers to interrogate her. The girl was young and artless. With tears and sobs she confessed she had yielded to the young man's importunities, and was deploring her folly. She blamed him not, however, but took all the fault upon herself. It was about ten o'clock at night when this fact was communicated to the crew and passengers composing the "court of inquiry." They were not long in making up their verdict. Their decision was, that the two crafts should be lashed together. The Tennessean was arraigned before the imperative tribunal, and made acquainted with the sentence. He had to take the girl, or be left high and dry upon a sand-bar, where he would freeze to death in less than an hour. He "caved in" at once—said he was willing to do what was right, and would make the wronged lady mistress of his plantation in Tennessee. The girl's consent was also obtained, and the next step was to find a "blacksmith" to do the wedding. There was no one on board authorized to officiate on such interesting occasions, and about midnight the boat was landed at Chester, on the Illinois shore, and a messenger despatched to procure a parson or a justice of the peace. A justice was found, jerked out of bed, and marched down to the boat, rather against his will, and the marriage ceremony in the Sucker State being exceedingly brief, the deed was done "in less than two minutes."



VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—BRIDGE AT VALPARAISO.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. F. F. LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Your witty letter is refreshingly impudent, and quite characteristic. Comparisons are odious, and we make no invidious allusions to other journals—hence we regret that we cannot quote what you so humorously and cleverly say of Ballou's and other periodicals. The success of our paper has become so self-evident, and we intend to "paddle our own canoe," regardless of what others may say or do. Dr. L. B. Raphael, of your city, one of the strongest players in the country, may be able to gratify your curiosity in regard to the editor of this column.

H. R. A.—We have taken the pains to call upon Mr. Martin, the publisher, and upon Mr. Stanley, the editor, in reference to your query. There is not a solitary copy of the "American Chess Magazine" for sale, though the stereotyped plates are preserved, and a reprint will probably be made of the first volume, when the second is commenced.

W. M. PHILADELPHIA.—We did not give the four final moves of the game published last week, because the mate is forced, and the problem pretty and instructive. Your solution is wrong. If P takes P mate will not follow. We give the correct ending:

BLACK.
1 Q to K5 (best)
2 Q takes R P (ch)
3 R takes P (double ch)
4 R mates.

L. C. TROY.—Your pleasant letter was very welcome. Who else would have thought of pointing out so trifling a misprint? You have the eye of a Lynx, and we believe you would note the omission of a comma. We are glad thus to observe the interest you take in our writing. We will give, from Hamlet, the quotation we cited to our worthy and intelligent friend when he handed us your own letter, and several others, more generous—*"How absolute the brave is! we must print by the card, or equivocation will undo us."* We like to hear from yourself, "Onida," and several others (to us) *Nyctes*, as we take great pleasure not only in reading the letters, but also in giving our imagination a wide range in sketching your personal portraits. There is a sort of free-masonry about chess, more world-wide and binding upon its votaries than any other house we know of.

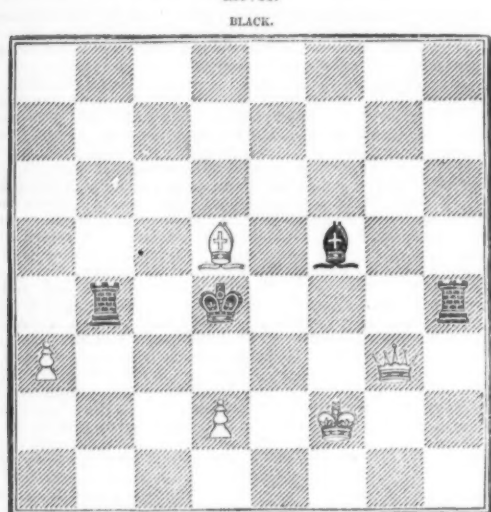
JOHN C. BASCOCK, CHICAGO.—Your last problem is a clever conceit, and we will give it "in the course of human events." Don't be disappointed if you are not reflected in our chess-mirror for some little time yet. You are on the line and will take your turn, like hares in a hare's shop, as we go on the same principle—"first come, first served." We intend this explanation for several others whose favors crowd our portfolio. It is a positive luxury to receive your problems, even if not of merit themselves, yet for the beautifully executed diagrams.

ONIDA, UTAH.—We like the "live-oak" sort of timber you are made of, albeit you did rap us over the knuckles a little in your last letter. You certainly point an elegant pen, and since you have sent correct solutions to all our problems, we take it you are a good player, as well as a fluent and vigorous writer. We read your letter at the Club, and they voted unanimously that you were exactly right, and that your position was impregnable. We think it tenable, and give your letter entire, remarking that neither of your authorities are sufficiently orthodox to decide the dispute. The *use dixit* of Messrs. Stanley or Walker is strong, but not conclusive on a mooted point. In our edition of Walker (1866) we do not find the rule laid down which you have given, but presume it to be as you say (since you seem to be so well posted in chess-literature), although you do not point out the chapter and verse.

EDITOR CHESSE-COLUMN.—The question submitted by your correspondent, G. E. J., is by no means as new as he supposes. Referring to the "American Chess Magazine," vol. 1 (1847), pages 112-116, &c., you will find the question argued, pro and con. As you undoubtedly have the volume by you, I need not take up time by quoting. For one, I am clearly of the opinion that G. E. J.'s adversary was right. Very likely, it might have been "from inadvertence" that he omitted to call for his piece, but that "inadvertence" was fatal. To my mind the true spirit of the game of chess tolerates no such thing as "inadvertence." Mistakes are crimes, and when made, should always suffer the penalty. In the absence of any recognized rule in this case, I should be inclined to follow Walker's Treatise (1846), which says: "Should you not replace the pawn with a piece, before your opponent moves, he may take it off the board as forfeited." Still it is to be hoped that the congress of Chess Kings will settle this question, so there can be no future doubt.

BOSTON.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Such communications are never "too long, even for an editor." We were fully possessed of all your facts in relation to Mr. H., and shall soon say them. We shall be happy to accommodate you with a match by correspondence whenever it suits your leisure or inclination. Much obliged, too, for diverting the problem enclosed, from its original destination, to our paper. It is very ingenious, and we will give it at our early convenience. You are perfectly just in your conclusions. A paper, or an incident, that manifests some interest in chess enthusiasm for the game (we say it modestly), should have decided preference over one that merely attends to chess for paltry dollars and cents, and not for any love of the game—*per se*. Your letter is the first fruit of the kind that has yet been brought to our market, though we know other fine problem-makers that are incubating over the matter, and it will be very extraordinary if we do not receive the result of their hatchlings. We shall continue to labor diligently in our position until the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER shall become the recognized organ of American chess-players, at home and abroad. We are in daily receipt of the most gratifying evidence that our efforts are appreciated. Your right in your conjecture as to the identity of the editor, barring a mistake in the initials. By the way, you must have given us some credit for penetration, as your diagram made no distinction in the color of the pieces, unless you intended the circle to designate the black.

PROBLEM IX.—By L. C.—White to move, and mate in three moves.



GAME IX.—TWO KNIGHTS' GAME.—For the following specimen of German Chess we are indebted to our contemporary the "Berliner Schachzeitung." The game is between Herren MAYET and VON HEYDERAND DER LARA.

BLACK. WHITE.
Herr Mayet. Herr V. H. D. Lara.
1 P to K4 P to K4
2 K Kt to KB3 Q Kt to QB3
3 K B to QB4 K Kt to KB3
4 K Kt to his 5 P to Q4
5 P takes P Q Kt to KB3
6 K B to KB3 P to K4
7 P takes P Q Kt to KB3
8 K B to K2 P to K3
9 K Kt to KB3 P to K5
10 K Kt to his sq (a) K B to QB4
11 K to his B3 Castles
12 P to QR3 Q to her 5
13 Q to QR3 Q Kt to QB5
14 K to K5 (check) K Kt to his (check)
15 Q to QR3 Q Kt to QB5
16 K to K5 (check) K Kt to his (check)
17 Q to QR3 Q Kt to QB5
18 Q to QR3 Q Kt to QB5
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Dr. Fitch, portrait.—The Hunter in Australia.—Kangaroo and Kangaroo Rat.—The Bandit's Captive.—Key and Macdonald.—Queries to an Octogenarian.—Utility of Owning Money.—The Stride of a Race-horse.

Monument to Donizetti, the Composer, illustrated.—The Crimes, Diamonds, &c.

Comic Illustrations.—Facetiae.

Domestic Manipulations, illustrated.—Scientific and Useful.—Receipts.—Printing.—Siberian Sledge Dogs.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL is again upon our table. It is decidedly one of the very best Magazines in America. Frank is unlike some other monthly publishers, who send to the country press one or two numbers, to be pushed into notice, and fall ever after to furnish another copy, and thus perpetuate a gross fraud upon them, but never fails to forward regularly. Terms, \$2 per annum.—Kentucky Whig, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL has come to hand. It is beautifully embellished, and in every way as attractive as ever. Should our citizens be made acquainted with the interesting, useful, and elegant reading matter each number of this Journal contains, and the beauty and style of its engravings, it would become one of the most popular periodicals of the day. Price only \$2 a year.—St. Joseph's Weekly Gazette, St. Joseph, Mo.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL is one of the most deserving Magazines of the day—always beautifully embellished and filled with interesting reading.—Hallowell Gazette, Hallowell, Maine.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL for December has been received. This is one of the few that can be read, without fear of injury, by the people of the South. Price \$2. Address, 13 & 14 Spruce street, New York.—Rep. Banner, Salisbury, N. C.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The reading matter is well selected and interesting, and the engravings are very numerous. It is the best illustrated Magazine issued, and is every way worthy of the immense patronage it receives.—Rep. Farmer, Indianapolis.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. THE GREATEST FULFILLMENT OF THE AGE. The first number of this remarkable newspaper, lavishly illustrated, gives all the latest news of the day, combined with a perfect deluge of original Engravings, by the most famous artists.

Among the illustrations of the first number will be found a large engraving of Dr. Kane and Party, as they appeared in the Arctic regions.

Large engraving of Dr. Kane and Party abandoning their vessel.

Perilous Adventure of Dr. Kane and Party, on their return to Greenland.

View of Dr. Kane's Boat.

Portrait of Henry D. Ingham, Esq.

Portrait of Lieut. Hartstein.

Great Southern Pacific Railroad to California, with map, showing the contemplated line to the Pacific; also, Twelve Views on the Line.

Portrait of George H. Barrett.

And numerous other Engravings.

Besides which, an Illustrated Supplement, embracing a very large Panoramic View of the Seat of War, and the country within one thousand miles, as well as a historical description of the war, to the present time.

The News department embraces the latest intelligence from all parts of the world, up to Friday night; independent and able editorial strictures upon every occurrence of moment, both here and abroad; bold, correct, and judicious criticisms upon the operations and theatrical entertainments of the previous week.

Literary reviews, from able and accomplished pens, police and law reports, &c. Price 10 cents per number. It may be had of all the news-vendors.

CONTENTS OF NO. II.

The Endors Tragedy.—The Sunken Schooner from City Island; Arrest of the Negro; Mode of Raising the Vessel.

Burning of the Steamers at Memphis.

Execution of Gen. Corral, Nicaragua.

View of Greytown.

Portrait of Col. Kinney.

Splendid large Engraving of Alvarez Entering Mexico.

And numerous other Engravings.

Launch of the Steamship Vanderbilt. And all the News of the Week.

FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Newspaper is published every Saturday morning.

CONTENTS OF NO. III.

Gen. Wool, U. S. A.

New Congregational Church, Clinton-st., Brooklyn.

New Tontine Building, Wall-st.

Departure of Steamship with supposed Fillibusters.

Newsboys' Lodging-House.

Newsboys' Bank.

Newsboys' Sleeping Apartments.

Immigrants Landing at Castle Garden.

View of the Interior of Castle Garden as an Immigrant Depot.

And numerous other Engravings.

All the Religious, Political, Theatrical, Musical, Literary, Police, Law, and Sporting News of the Week. Chess, by an experienced Editor.

CONTENTS OF NO. IV.

Arresting the Steamship Northern Light.

Portrait of General Walker.

Dr. Bellows's Church, 4th-av., consecrated on Christmas day.

Portrait of Dr. Bellows.

Reception of the Amoskeag Veterans at Jersey City Ferry, New York.

Attack of the Spanish Schooner on the British wreckers.

Laura Keane's Story, the murder, from a Daguerrotype by Hooper, taken in the jail, expressly for this paper.

And numerous other Engravings.

All the Religious, Political, Theatrical, Musical, Literary, Police, Law, and Sporting News of the week. Chess, by an experienced Editor.

CONTENTS OF NO. V.

New Haven Murder—

Portrait of the Prophetess, drawn from life expressly for this paper.

Portrait of Samuel Sly, the murderer, from a Daguerrotype by Hooper, taken in the jail, expressly for this paper.

The House of the Prophetess New Haven.

Interior of the Room where the murder was committed.

The Prophetess in prison, drawn from life.

Portrait of Col. French.

Portrait of Mrs. Galses, the heroine of the Great Will case.

The ship Resolute.

And numerous other Engravings.

Chess, by an experienced Editor.

And all the news of the week.

CONTENTS OF NO. VI.

Beautiful portrait of Hon. N. P. Banks.

Accident on the Hudson River Railroad.

The Prisoner's Festival, New York.

Portrait of Franklin.

New Reading Room, Boston Mercantile Library.

New England Dinner at Montreal.

And numerous other splendid Engravings.

Also commenced in this number the thrilling romance of

THE LAST OF HIS RACE. By G. F. SMITH.

Chess, by an experienced editor.—And all the news of the week.

CONTENTS OF NO. VII.

Bust of George Law, by Jones.

Portrait of Uzal Knapp, last of Washington's Life Guards.

Washington's Head Quarters at Newburg, New York.

Extraordinary ceremony at the Roman Catholic Church, at St. Peter, Baltimore.

Broadway, New York, during the "Bleeding Carnival."

New Hotel, Baltimore, the "Gilmor" House.

Opening of the first Railroad in Iowa:

City of Davenport, Iowa.

Railroad bridge, Rock Island, connecting Davenport with Rock Island city, Iowa.

View of Rock Island, Iowa.

Portrait of General Santana, of Dominica.

Southern, Emperor of Hayti.

Map of Central Park, New York.

Chess, by an experienced editor.

Together with numerous other splendid illustrations; and all the news of the week.

The thrilling Romance, "THE LAST OF HIS RACE" commenced in the last number.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Read the opinions of the press of

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS- PAPER. Over 40,000 already sold. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.—The first number of a Newspaper or a new Illustrated Journal with the above title, just issued in this city, is excellent, giving promise of a superior publication. In form and execution it bears a close resemblance to the London Illustrated News, as well as in variety, seasonableness, and popular character of its contents. The engravings are finished with great spirit, and represent scenes and characters that are just now the topics of current talk. The reading matter has evidently been prepared with great care, and for the most part, is creditable to the ability, tact and practical experience of its editors. While it is lively and vigorous in its tone, it is free from slang and personality, contains nothing which the most fastidious family might not welcome to its fireside. There is ample room for a new journal of this character and we cordially wish complete success to the enterprise.—New York Tribune, Dec. 1.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER, No. 1.—The first number of the new Illustrated Paper gives better promises of success than any attempt heretofore made in the same line on this side of the water. It has the look of an intelligent comprehension of what the public demands in such an undertaking. It is in every way most excellent, in paper, printing, literary matter, and the drawing and engraving of the illustrations. The portraits are among the best examples of this kind of pictorial illustrations we have ever seen. The proprietor has shown his good sense in not putting his price too low to admit of the possibility of success. Such a paper ought not to be sold at less than ten cents.—New York Sunday Courier, Dec. 2

Anthony, Wallen, &c. The sheet is really brilliant with illustrations, besides being well filled with all the intelligence of the day, and sensible editorial comments thereupon.—New York Sunday Times, Dec. 2.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.—It presents unquestionably the best Illustrated Newspaper ever attempted in this country. The enterprise is an honor to the country, and should meet with the patronage of the public generally.—Buffalo Courier, Dec. 5.

In appearance it closely resembles the London Illustrated News, and in all respects it is an elegant and brilliant sheet. Such a paper was needed in this country, and if this shall be conducted according to its present promise, the vacuum will be supplied.—Buffalo Express, Dec. 5.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper amply fulfils the promise held out by the specimen page. In No. 1, we certainly have, by long odds, the cheapest and most attractive illustrated American newspaper which we have ever seen, and can also commend the variety, the novelty and the freshness of all the subjects treated in it, whether by pencil or pen—pictorially or otherwise.—Newark Mercury, Dec. 5.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Frank Leslie, of New York, publisher of the "Gazette of Fashion" and "New York Journal," works of great merit and wide-spread popularity, will issue to-day the first number of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," which promises to be a formidable rival in the field, now monopolized by "Ballou's Pictorial." A specimen sheet, now before us, shows that in point of typography and highly-finished engravings, the new paper will leave nothing to be desired. The first number will contain five large illustrations of striking incidents in Dr. Kane's recent perilous Arctic Expedition, with numerous other engravings, and a variety of interesting literary and news items. The "Illustrated Newspaper" will be published weekly, in a large quarto form of 16 pages, and at 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, for ten cents a number, or \$2 a volume. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the United States.—Register, Norristown, Pa., Dec. 11.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The second number of this journal is excellent, both in illustration and letter-press, and bids fair to eclipse its English and American contemporaries. The following is a list of the illustrations, executed in the best style of the art: Entrance of Alvarez into Mexico, (full page); Greytown, Nicaragua; Likeness of Col. Kinney; Explosion of a Steam Fire Engine at Cincinnati; Burning of the Steamers at Memphis; The Eudora Tragedy, (two views); Launch of the Ocean Steamship Vanderbilt; Execution of Corral, Minister of War, Nicaragua; Panorama of the Great Southern Railway, and three engravings representing "City Scenes" in New York. For sale by A. Winch, Publisher's Agent, 116 Chestnut street. Price, ten cents per copy.—Sunday Mercury, Phil., Dec. 15.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the title of a new paper, which is about to appear in New York. If it will be as meritorious as his GAZETTE and JOURNAL, it will be a nice thing, certain. We wish it all possible success.—Weekly Sentinel, Greenfield, Hancock Co., Ind., Dec. 13.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The first number of this new paper has been published and is for sale by Mr. Burrill, at his Periodical Depot. This is one of the handsomest Pictorials of the season. Among the most interesting of the pictures are two of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, and one of the Panoramas of the Great Southern Pacific Railroad. If this new paper is kept up in the fine artistic style of the first number, it must have a great run.—National Eagle, Claremont, N. H., Dec. 13.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—This is the title of a new Illustrated Paper, the initial number of which was issued on the 1st inst. Notwithstanding the failure of several of these enterprises, we believe that Mr. Leslie's will be entirely successful, as he has unusual facilities, and great experience, being the publisher of that well-known and popular periodicals, the GAZETTE OF FASHION and the NEW YORK JOURNAL. The specimen sheet, or prospectus, which we have received, is got up in a handsome style, and we believe we can commend the paper to our readers as a tasty and interesting sheet. The engravings strike us as being superior to any we have before seen of the kind, and the letterpress is in keeping. Six months' subscription, for one volume, \$2. Frank Leslie, 12 and 14 Spruce-street, New York.—Du Page Journal, Naperville, Ill., Dec. 13.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Among the publishers of our country, whose energies and enterprise have acquired national reputation, Frank Leslie, of New York, stands pre-eminent, as all the readers of his GAZETTE OF FASHION, and his NEW YORK JOURNAL are aware. He has made arrangements for a new undertaking, the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, a specimen sheet of which is before us, and possesses the most attractive features. It is a newspaper after the style of the London Illustrated News, and gives the earliest intelligence of all passing events in the political, commercial, or artistic world.—Times, Smyrna.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Frank Leslie, of New York, publisher of the "Gazette of Fashion" and "New York Journal," works of great merit and wide-spread popularity, will issue to-day the first number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," which gives promise to be a formidable rival in the field now monopolized by "Ballou's Pictorial." A specimen sheet, now before us, shows that in point of typography and highly finished engravings, the new paper will leave nothing to be desired. The first number will contain five large illustrations of striking incidents in Dr. Kane's recent perilous Arctic Expedition, with numerous other engravings, and a variety of interesting literary and news items. The "Illustrated Newspaper" will be published weekly, in a large quarto form of 16 pages, at 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, for ten cents a number, or \$2 a volume. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the United States.—Register, Norristown, Pa., Dec. 11.

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THE ONLY RELIABLE MEDIUM OF FASHION. THE GAZETTE OF FASHIONS AND BEAU MONDE for February, No. 2, Vol. 5, contains a splendid colored Plate, double the size of any fashion Plate issued in this country or Europe; also the following beautiful engravings, viz.:

1. Pictures, with home, morning promenade and evening costumes
2. Engravings of the newest styles of bonnets.
3. Engravings of a head-dress.
4. Engravings of dress caps.
5. Engraving (full figure) of ladies' riding-habit.
6. Engravings of gentlemen's costumes.
7. Engraving of girl's dress.
8. Engravings of chemisettes.
9. Engraving of needle-work pattern of cap crown.
10. do do embroidered handkerchief.
11. do do pattern of ladies' morning cap.
12. do do petticoat trimming in brocade.
13. do do ladies' crocheted collar.
14. do do so'a cushions in raised Berlin wool, with border of beads.
15. do do of the corner to ditto.
16. do do of embroidery.

and instructions for working louncing cap. Basted crocheted collar. The Fine corsette for a music stool in crocheted. Sofa cushions in raised Berlin wool, with border of beads. New Ballad, "There's a Spot that I Love," composed by Henry C. Watson. Portrait of Miss Georgina Hodson.

Amongst the literary articles will be found our Monthly Review of Fashion and the Industrial Arts, containing a critical review of the new goods of our leading fashionable stores. Fashion and the Beau Monde. An epitome of the Fashionable Intelligence. A Bridal in High Life. Biography of Miss Georgina Hodson. A Wedding at Grace Church. A Skating Society. Associates of Dr. Franklin. True Value of Reading. The Pleasures of Conversation. The Wife. The Young Folks Outwitted. Climate. Parlor Amusements. Acting Rhymes. Rosalind's Vocal Ornamentation. Fashion Married Ladies. Fourteen Useful Domestic Receipts. Problems in Chess. Reviews of New Books. A large petition sheet for cutting dresses, &c., &c.

This is the only recognized work on Fashion published in this country. Terms: 30 cents single copy, or \$3 per annum. Ladies subscribing by the year will save sixty cents on each subscription. The last issue (January) commences a new volume.

One copy of the Gazette, one year, and one copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, one year, \$6.

FRANK LESLIE, 13 & 14 Spruce street, New York.

GREAT BARGAINS IN RICH RIBBONS, MILLINERY GOODS, AND DRESS-TRIMMING RIBBONS. M. H. LICHTENSTEIN, No. 50 Bowery, begs leave to inform his numerous customers that by taking advantage of the extra pressure in the money market in Europe, he has been enabled to lay in a heavy stock of choice Fall Ribbons, Millinery and Dressmakers' Goods, at extraordinary great sacrifices. Merchants, Milliners, and the Public are invited to call, as they will find goods at about half the cost of importation. Just opened, 48 Cases of Rich Feathers, French Flowers, Silk Velvets, Satins, Fancies, Dotted, and Diamond Novelty Velvets.

BULPIN'S CLOAKS AND FURS, at the Emporium, 261 Broadway. Great Bargains for the Holidays. New and Beautiful Cloth Cloaks, at 12 and 14 dollars. Superb Lyons Velvet Cloth Cloaks, at 30 dollars. Magnificent Velvet Cloaks, at 40 dollars. Sets of Russian Mink Fur, at 25 dollars. Splendid Large Fitcher Russes Capes or Cloaks, at 75 to 100 dollars.

And every other article in Cloaks, Furs, or Shawls of the best kind at all reasonable prices.—Geo. Bulpin, 261 Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NATHAN CLARKE, (Formerly Marshall & Clark, 635 Broadway, corner of Third-street), is prepared to furnish Wedding Collections, Dinners, and Evening Parties, with every description of Plain and Ornamental Confectionery and Meat Dishes, Walter's Loans, &c. 2-3-3

ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION.—The Steel Engraving for February '56, "St. Valentine's Day," third plate of the monthly series is ready for delivery. Subscriptions fifty cents monthly. Prospectuses and terms to Agents sent on application to GEO. HOWARD & Co., 223 Fulton street, New York. Print Publishers, and Picture Frame Manufacturers. 2-3-1

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS. A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure; will send free the prescription used. Direct, Rev. J. M. DAGHALL, No. 52 Fulton-street, Brooklyn, New York. 2-3-2

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS possess the most astonishing power in the cure of general debility and in renovating the system.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—NEW YORK CITY.

The inauguration of the newly erected edifice of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street, took place on Tuesday, the 22d of January. The exercises of the evening commenced with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Vermilye. Dr. Thomas Cock, Vice President of the Institution, then introduced Dr. Delafield, Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics, who proceeded to deliver an appropriate address. He alluded to the time when the first medical institution in New York commenced its career, in a two-storeyed building only twenty-five feet wide. At that time New York numbered hardly 100,000 inhabitants;



DR. ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.
AMBROTTYPED BY BRADY, P. 142.

now it contained eight times that population, and this college had increased in an equal ratio. In the year 1768, Columbia College was established, and a medical department was organized, with an able corps of professors, although its means for practical and clinical instruction were very limited. The following year, Dr. Samuel Bard induced the medical profession and others to move in the erection of a hospital, but it was not until 1791 that such an institution was to be found in the city. On the 3d of January of that year, the New York Hospital was first opened, and Dr. Romeyne set on foot a similar school, in connection with the University of New York. The following year Columbia College again succeeded in the estab-

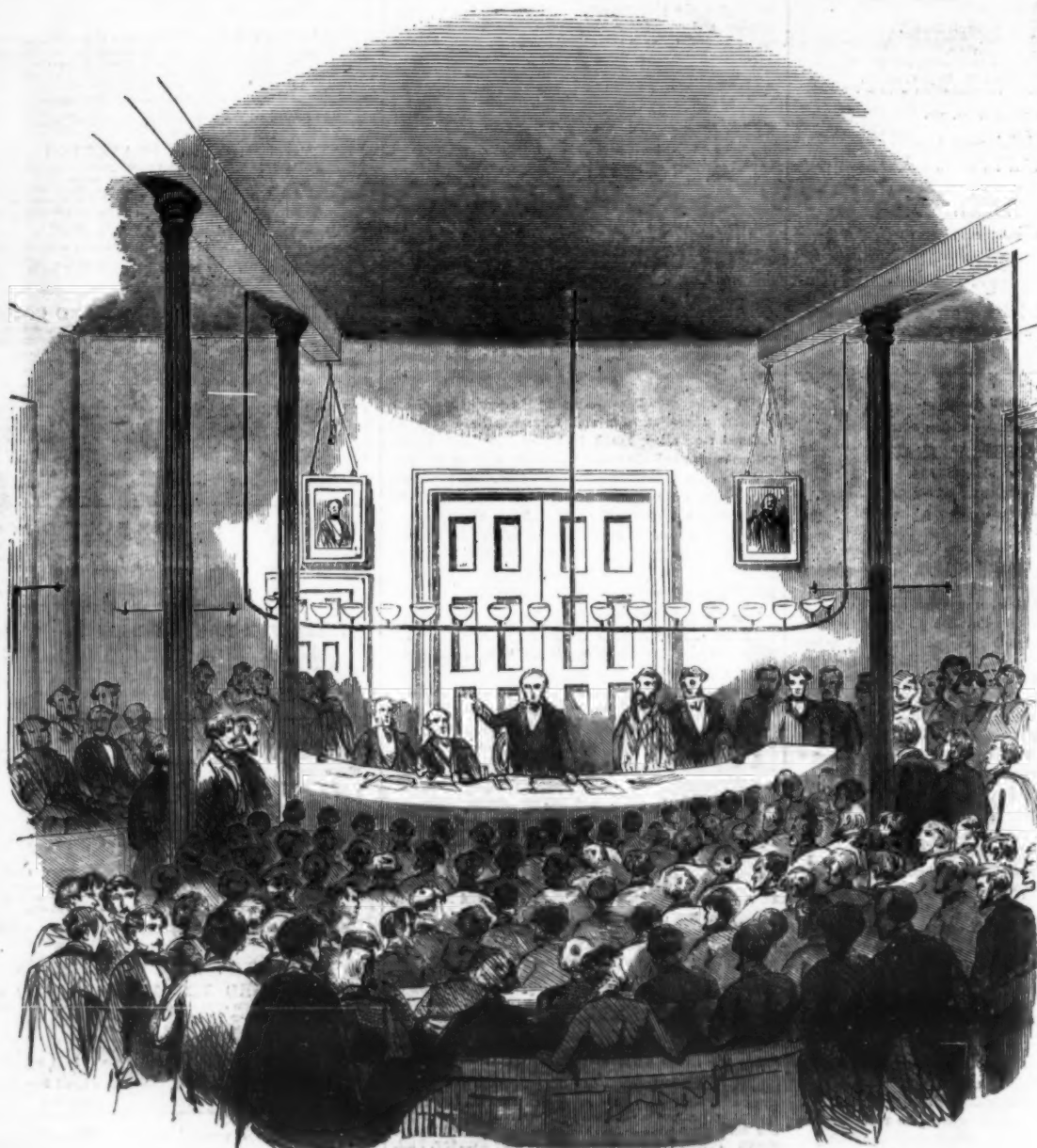


COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—NEW YORK CITY.

lishment of a medical branch. At this time the New York County Medical Society memorialized the Legislature for the foundation of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and were sustained by Dr. Romeyne. The attempt was successful. Dr. Romeyne was the first President of the institution, and the number of students at the first session was fifty-three. The school increased; but a few years after its organization difficulties arose in the Board of Government, and it lost ground, when the Board of Trustees was again re-organized. Rival schools were established, but the competition was favorable to neither, and New York was compelled to give way to Philadelphia in the contest for superiority in this respect. In 1814 a union was effected between this college and the medical department of Columbia College, and the new organization was sustained by the State. After seven years of prosperity, dissension again sprung up between the faculty of instruction and the government of the college, on account of the interference of the County Medical Society, and the Professors were so far moved by it that in 1826 they resigned their respective chairs unanimously.

After a time harmony was again restored, a new Faculty was appointed, and great unanimity has ever since existed between the instructors and trustees. The new board of instructors entered upon the discharge of their duties in November, 1820, but not without opposition, for another institution was immediately chartered, under the name of Rutgers' College, which was located in Duane street. Its existence was, however, comparatively brief, and the college, just established in its new home, continued to prosper. The remaining history of the institution was one of quiet labor and successful effort. Thirty years of harmony had only been disturbed by the hand of death. In connection with the opportunities offered by this school, the lecturer spoke of the improvements which had been made in the healing art. The lecturer then alluded to New York city as furnishing greater facilities for the instruction of medical students as regards access to patients, than any other city on this continent, and closed by addressing some suitable remarks to the class which has just connected itself with the college.

The college edifice was erected by Mr. Charles Sandford, the well known and experienced mechanic and builder. The cost, including the ground, is about \$95,000. It is a substantial building, and well worthy of special notice and admiration. It commends alike the taste and judgment of the mind that conceived and successfully carried into execution, a plan that so happily embraces all the requirements of a medical school. The architecture is Doric. An economical end is attained by constructing the building with a view to the raising of revenue from the rents of the basement and first storey, which are in demand for business purposes in that new and densely peopled neighborhood. There are two commodious lecture rooms,



INAUGURATION OF THE NEW COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, NEW YORK.



DR. E. DELAFIELD, CONSULTING PHYSICIAN TO THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.—AMBROTTYPED BY BRADY, P. 142.

which are well lighted, heated and ventilated. Ample accommodations are provided by the faculty; also a large chemical laboratory, and working rooms for professors and students. The site is the more eligible from its proximity to that great school of clinical instruction, Bellevue Hospital.

A frightful affair occurred at McHenry (Ill.) a few days since, in which Ira Colby nearly lost his life. Mr. Colby, on the day of the injury, had been butchering hogs, and a considerable quantity of blood had accidentally been spilled upon his clothes. The bull being tied in the barn, Mr. Colby went to untie and lead him to water, and probably smelling the blood upon his clothes, as soon as he was untied sprang at Mr. Colby, pitching and tossing him upon his horns, tearing out his bowels and otherwise injuring him in the most shocking manner.